

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

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## WINDOWS FOR SERMONS.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

### NO DANGER OF OUR OVER-DRAWING. (159)

Phil. 4: 19; 2 Cor. 8: 3; Luke 12: 7; Luke 18: 30; Phil. 1: 9.

The story is told of a Colorado millionaire, the late W. S. Stratton, that on one occasion his money matters began to worry him. He had purchased five mines in two months, and had bought the controlling interest of two other mining companies, in which he had been elected president. He began to figure up his deposits and drafts, and was much worried over the possibility of owing a slight balance to the bank. So he wrote to his bankers, asking how he stood, saying that if there was an overdraft, he would soon fix it up. Imagine his surprise when he was informed that there was still a balance to his credit of one million, nine hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars. There are many Christians like that who spend a good deal of time worrying for fear their account in the Bank of Heaven is not large enough for them to draw on it, in all their trials. But we need not worry, the account is big enough. Does not Paul say, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory through Christ Jesus."

### THE DAUGHTER OF AN EARL BUT A BEGGAR. (160)

Luke 16: 20; Mark 10: 46; Gen. 1: 26.

A woman was sent to Blackwell's Island for six months recently for obtaining money under false pretenses as a professional beggar, who is the daughter of a Scotch earl. Sin has brought her to this desperate strait. What a type she is of what sin is constantly doing for men and women. For every man and woman in the world belongs to the Royal Family, and it is sin that degrades them, so that he who is made to be King, exercising lordship over his own spirit, becomes a poor beggar in the mire.

### LOYALTY TO THE BIBLE. (161)

Mal. 3: 17; 1 Cor. 6: 2; Rev. 20: 13.

In the old days of persecution in Scotland, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a country road, when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the book, he replied, with a fearless upward glance, "The Bible." "Throw it in the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander. "Na," returned the boy, in his broad Northern accent, "It is God's word." A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed. "Then pull the cap over your eyes," was the mocking retort. "Soldiers, prepare to fire!" For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched. He was not afraid to face death, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of His own precious blood. He heard a voice which they did not hear, saying to him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "I will not cover my eyes," he said firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great Judgment Day." We do not have to stand a test like that, and yet, almost every week, there comes some place where if we are to be loyal to God's word, we must face ridicule or sneer, and we ought never to shrink.

### THE GREATER THE STRUGGLE, THE GREATER THE HONOR. (162)

1 Pet. 4: 12; Job. 23: 10; Jas. 1: 8.

Mr. Spurgeon tells us that at the Battle of Crecy, where Edward, the Black Prince, then a youth of eighteen years of age, led the van, the King, his father, drew up a strong party on a rising ground, and there beheld the conflict, in readiness to send relief. The young Prince, being sharply



charged, and in some danger, sent to his father for help; and, as the King delayed to send it, another messenger was sent to crave immediate assistance. To him the King replied: "Go, tell my son, I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when help is wanted, nor so careless a father as not to send it." He intended the honor of the day should be his son's, and therefore, let him with courage stand to it, assured that help should be had when it might conduce most to his renown. If we will apply this story to the watchful care of our Heavenly Father over the struggles of our own lives, we shall find in it precious comfort.

#### EVERYDAY HEROES. (163)

Mark 15: 31; Phil. 2: 4.

Not long ago in New York City, Charles Simmons was engineer of a dirt-train. There were five cars loaded with dirt attached to the engine, when Simmons started on one of the trips to the swamp. Each car was filled to its capacity, making a heavy load. The track is on a down grade all the way, and being wet the rails were slippery. When the engineer applied the brakes, the wheels skidded along the track. There were brakes on the cars, but no one to operate them. Simmons in a moment saw that he could not stop the engine before the bumper at the end of the track was reached. "Jump, Bill," he said to the fireman. "What about you?" retorted McGrath. "Oh, I'll be all right; jump, I tell you," said the engineer. McGrath jumped, and landed unhurt. The engineer died at his post. It makes a man proud to belong to a race where men with rough hands and oil-stained clothes have in them heroism like that. Christ saw this in men when he was willing to give his life on the cross to purchase their salvation. We should keep it before our eyes that it may make self-sacrifice sweet.

#### THE DISEASES OF WINE. (164)

Gal. 5: 23; Eph. 5: 18; 2 Pet. 1: 6.

There is said to be an interesting analogy between human beings and wines in the diseases they are likely to suffer from, there being maladies peculiar to youth, maturity, and old age. Generally speaking, the evils are caused either from insufficiency of body or from the action of ferments, and the results are sour wine, bitter wine, musty wine, ropiness or turbidity. But the diseases which the wines cause in men are far more serious. The bite of the serpent, the sting of the adder that lurks in the wine, whether it is sick or well, is full of poison to the victim of the wine glass.

#### FREEZING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN. (165)

Acts 3: 2-10; Matt. 7: 13; Rev. 21: 21.

Strangers who have visited Arizona ice

caves tell of a magnificent palace of icicles and stalactites within which form three columns, apparently supporting the roof of the grotto. In the light of the miner lanterns which visitors carry, the ice glitters with the colors of the rainbow, and resembles huge gems. A strange coincidence of nature is furnished by a boiling spring at the very door of the cave, from which issues all the year around a tall column of steam. The hot spring and the ice cave, though so near to each other, are entirely independent. The boiling waters come up from the depths of the earth, from the hidden fires beneath. So the church of God may be warmed by the presence of the Holy Spirit until those who yield themselves to its influence rejoice in a foretaste of the life of Heaven. While others, at the very door, are freezing in the ice grip of selfishness and worldliness because they will not yield themselves to the Divine warmth.

#### MAKING A FARCE OF HOLY THINGS. (166)

Rom. 2: 20; 2 Tim. 3: 5; 1 Cor. 11: 27.

In one of the old churches of New York City they have a good deal of trouble because of the strange curiosity of many people. Large numbers come to inquire of sexton and clerks when communion will be held, and what are the chances that rare old silver plate will be used. "It's not religion that makes them do it; it's curiosity," said a sexton, as such a questioner went away. "They want to have the satisfaction of telling their neighbors when they get home that they drank wine and ate bread from chalices and patens presented by Queen Anne or King George or some such worthy." The temptation for all of us is to lose the deep and holy meaning out of form and ceremonies and sacraments. Our only salvation is to search for the deep meaning of things and live the spirit, and then the letter will lose its power to kill.

#### THE HEALING LEAVES. (167)

Rev. 22: 2; Isa. 55: 11; 2 Tim. 3: 15.

A lady on one occasion went into a cake shop in Japan to purchase some cakes for her children. While waiting for the cakes, she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it; and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book shop, she saw a pile of papers which had been thrown away. As her shop needed papering, she thought this was just the thing, and took some of the papers home, and pasted them over the walls. One evening her grandson came in, and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested with what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked her if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not under-



stand it much; so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. One cannot help thinking of the tree of life John saw, "the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations."

# THE TREES THAT SHUT OUT THE SKY. (168)

2 Cor. 4:4; Rom. 11:7; Eph. 4:18.

Dr. J. R. Miller tells about a man who built a house on a spot which commanded a beautiful view of distant mountains, and a great stretch of sky. Then he said, "I must have trees to shelter the house, trees make any place more lovely." So he planted a number of fine trees, and they grew up, and were much admired. But the trees were close together, and, as they grew, their branches interlaced; and by and by, they shut out the distant view, so that the mountains were no longer visible from the house, and scarcely a glimpse could be had of the sky. It is often that way with men's lives. They gather about them earthly interests, in order to make their lives beautiful, until after a while, the glorious mountains of heaven are shut out, and heaven itself is hidden from the view of the soul.

# SAVED BY A LASSO. (169)

Luke 19:10; Heb. 7:25; Jude 23.

A policeman was walking along the East River, in New York City, recently, when he heard the screams of a man out in the river; out about fifty feet he could faintly see the form of a struggling man; he seized a hawser from the pier, and making a slip-noose, twirled the lariat about his head, and launched it out through the space; the noose fell clearly over the man, and the policeman jerked it until it tightened about one of the drowning man's arms, and he pulled him in to safety. It was the one hope of saving him. It was the lasso or death. I have heard of no criticisms of the policeman for using so unconventional a way of saving a man's life. But when it is not a man's earthly life, but his soul that is in danger, what folly do we hear men talk if an unconventional effort is put forth to rescue an immortal being from eternal drowning!

# COURAGE COUNTS. (170)

Deut. 31:6; Ps. 27:14.

A Western observer tells the story of how two robins whipped a large cat which had evil designs on their young ones. The robins took the brave course. Mrs. Robin flew to the ground, a few feet from the cat, and to one side of him, and unsuspecting Tom darted at her; but just as he was about to hit her with his paw, he received a heavy rap in the face from her mate; enraged at this, he made a second lunge at the mother bird, and was again rebuked by her mate,

and with such vigor and well-directed blows that, uttering a cry of pain, he made for the house, both birds joining in pursuit. He finally escaped by crawling under the house, where he remained. The robins were not bothered any more by this cat.

(From "Monday Lectures.")

# BEACONSFIELD'S PROPHECY. (170a)

Lord Beaconsfield stood in the eye of the world; and, when he was younger by some thirty years, he wrote a book called "Tancred," in which many of the ideas he carried out were expressed. You remember that he sends a young English lord from the Thames to the Jordan in search of remedies for the social and political evils of Europe. We have had a diffusion of liberty, Lord Beaconsfield says, and to some extent of intelligence and property; but the people are not happy. Here is the young man whom Carlyle calls the Hebrew sorcerer, leading English lords and British interests as by some charm of superior blood. This aristocrat, this guide of the privileged classes, makes his English lord finally kneel down at the Holy Sepulchre and at Bethany and in Bethlehem, to obtain from the Unseen Powers a response to his prayer for guidance as to the healing of the nations. He passes through the jaws of death at Petra. Finally, in the midnight of Sinai, Tancred, as you remember, goes alone to the spot where the law was delivered, kneels down there under the mysterious brightness of the Eastern stars, offers prayer in agony, falls at last into a trance, and, looking up, he beholds the genius of Christianity with her hands spread over the continents. The response his petition received from her was in these words, Lord Beaconsfield's own, the summit of his wisdom as a man of affairs:

"The equality of man can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God. The longing for fraternity can never be satisfied but under the sway of a common Father. Announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of theocratic equality."

# STRENGTH OF A REPUBLIC. (170b)

Kings tremble when they feel that they have no right to be kings. In America the people feel they have a right to be kings, and they will exercise their right. There will be no handwriting on the wall here for Belshazzar to look at, and therefore his knees will never smite together. Of course a republic can be attacked for three days and an hour. A republic in history is like a raft on the sea; you cannot sink in it, but you are apt to put your foot through it into the waves. A monarchy is like a man of war: bad shots between wind and water hurt it exceedingly; there is danger of capsizing. But democracy is a raft. You cannot easily overturn it. It is a wet place, but is a pretty safe one; and we are on it, and we are to have order here; and we will build up the raft under our feet until there is dry standing-room for us all—Joseph Cook.



## GLEANED FROM MANY GARNERS.

Following are illustrations contributed for the competition, for which \$40 were divided among the contributors.

### OUR RESPONSIBILITY. (171)

Heb. 13: 17; Gen. 4: 9; Ps. 142: 4.

A Methodist missionary in the Canadian Northwest opened up a new mission some distance from his mission house. He was only able to go there about once in six months. One time he missed the face of an Indian he had always seen before. He asked those present where so and so was, calling him by his Indian name. They answered that he was dead. He asked them how he died. They replied, "Ah, missionary, we would sooner not tell you how he died." When pressed to tell they replied: "When he grew sick and knew that he was going to die, he talked about you and your visits and how good they were. 'They were like the shadow of a cloud upon the water—no that is not it. They were like the sun shining through a cloud on the water. I should like to die in the faith of the missionary, but I do not know enough about his religion to die in it. I shall therefore have to die in the faith of my fathers.' And so we took him from his bed and placed him at the door of his tent. We gave him his drum and medicine bag and he drummed, and as he drummed he bowed, and as he bowed he stayed, and as he stayed he died." "Where did you bury him?" said the missionary. They took him outside and showed him the grave. "We buried him here," they said. The missionary knelt upon the grave and lifting his face toward the skies, said: "Oh, Lord, if the soul of this Indian is lost who is to blame?" How many are dying every day just the same and who is to blame?—J. C. Wilson.

### SOUL-SAVER AND ASSASSIN. (172)

Prov. 2: 7-22; Prov. 12: 2, 6, 15.

About seven years ago two young men left the Catholic church. One of the young men met with a missionary of a tract society and the Christian literature he gave to him became such a blessing to his heart, that he soon bought a Bible.

The holy Scripture brought to perfection what Christian literature began.

His conscience soon assured him of his sinfulness but he found Jesus the only Saviour from sin and death. He became a child of God, with peace of heart, and an heir to eternal life. Today that young man, Moses Treckojenski, is one of the most successful workers of the Chicago Tract Society.

Now, you may ask what has become of the other young man? He also met with an individual who handed him some literature which became a curse to him. It filled him with deadly hate toward all organized society and legal power, because he had lost faith, and respect in God and religion. This poison is the terrifying anarchism and that young man was Leon Czolgosz, the murderer of our beloved martyr president, Wm. McKinley.—A. H. Zahl.

### "COME AND GO." (173)

Luke 9: 55.

The late Newman Hall was ordinarily a man of the most kindly and Christ-like spirit. His little tract, *Come to Jesus*, which is said to have circulated to the extent of eight million copies in many languages, indicates the real spirit of the man, and yet he sometimes forgot himself, as we all do.

It seems that he at one time engaged in a sharp controversy in the columns of the public press. Becoming aroused, he had written a scathing article in which he dealt very savagely with his antagonist. However, before sending it in for publication, he submitted it to an intimate friend for that friend's opinion. "It is very good," said the friend, "but I would suggest a change of caption." "What would you suggest?" said Hall. "Well," answered the friend, "if you will permit the suggestion, I think that it might be appropriately entitled, 'Go to H—ll, by the Author of *Come to Jesus*.'" That was sufficient. The contribution went into the fire.—J. D. Long.

### PURE GOLD. (174)

Rev. 3: 18.

Upon visiting a gold mine, one day, a piece of quartz was given to me, in which, with the naked eye, I could see the shining metal. I was told to look at it from every direction, and no matter which way I viewed it the metal shone and glittered. "That," said my friend, "is the way we determine the genuine article. There is a commodity, that resembles gold, but when you look at it in certain lights, it does not shine, because it is not genuine. The pure gold shines, however you view it." "Ah, thought I, 'that is just the difference between the real Christian and the nominal professor. The genuine Christian shines, place him where you may. The nominal, at times, has the appearance of genuineness, but, when seen from other directions, there is no shining, because the real gold is not there.'"

### BELIEF AND TRUST. (175)

Rom. 10: 10; Rom. 15: 12.

A gentleman and his wife were being shown through one of the government mints by a guide. Each were very much interested in the different processes through which the metal went in its transformation from bars of precious metal to coins of commercial value. At one stage in the process the attendant remarked to the man, as they were watching the manipulations of molten gold by the workmen, that if he would plunge his hand into a pail of cold water that stood by, and while wet allow him to pour into his palm a quantity of the molten gold, he could hold it there a few seconds and then pour it out



without receiving any injury. Both visitors were astonished at this seemingly bold and groundless statement. Neither felt like risking the experiment, and passed on to finish their tour.

Later, as they returned, the guide again proposed that they make the experiment. At first neither seemed willing to hazard the attempt, though their confidence in their guide was sufficient to enable them to believe that the outcome would be as he had said. Finally the lady said she would venture the experiment. She then thrust her hand into the cold water, extended her dripping palm and received upon it the molten gold, only to pour it out again with her hand unharmed; whereupon her husband said, "Just as I believed it would be." "Yes," said the attendant, "You believed, but she trusted."—Guy Roberts.

## SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

1 Cor. 15: 35. (176)

A man named Brown was hanged in Philadelphia some time ago. In ten minutes after he was legally dead he was resting on a table in the physiological laboratory. Around the table were three of the most famous physiologists of the scientific world. Could motion and life be restored to that inanimate body? Science waited anxiously for an answer to the question. A sharp wire, charged with electricity, was applied to the various nerve centers of the body and brain. A superstitious layman would have been horrified at the result. Brown raised first his right hand and then his left. His head moved. His mouth twitched in a convulsive grin. The cords of his neck swelled and the mouth opened as if he would complete his unfinished sentence on the scaffold. The hands clinched one after the other. A leg was drawn up and then extended. Unceasingly the electric wire prodded center after center in the nervous organism. At a fresh touch from the thumaturgist plying needle the body sat upright. There was every sign of life. The eyes opened. The heart beat. There seemed to be breath, for the respiratory organs were agitated. Would he walk? Would he talk? Science was anxious; another stroke and it had found the secret of life. But placed on the floor, the body fell over limp—dead. Science had demonstrated wonders, but had failed to raise the dead.—S. T. Nicholls.

## KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CHRIST.

Luke 6: 19; Isaiah 26: 4; Psalm 27: 1. (177)

According to the ancient mythology, when Hercules wrestled with Antaeus, every time he was thrown, he jumped up again stronger than ever, gaining fresh power from every contact with the earth. Hercules conquered him at last only by holding him in the air away from the source of his strength, until he grew weaker and weaker and finally became exhausted. Antaeus is the perfect symbol of spiritual man-

hood. God is the real source of spiritual health and strength. The closer we keep in touch with God and His Son Jesus Christ, in touch with His laws and His promises, the stronger and healthier will we grow in God's grace and love.—W. E. Ruston.

## UNCONCERN, NO ASSURANCE OF SAFETY. (178)

Prov. 14: 12; 26: 12.

When the battleship Charleston was returning to Manila from special duty on the east coast of the island, owing to the incompetency of the navigator, she was off her course. At 5:30 in the morning, while she was steaming at the rate of five or six knots toward the rocks, the lookout on the mast shouted: "Sir, there are breakers ahead!" "You cannot tell the difference between tidal rip and breakers," answered the navigator. "Sir," said the lookout, "There are breakers ahead, and in fifteen minutes we will be on top of them." The captain sprang up, ordered the navigator off the bridge and signaled the engineer "full speed astern." One minute passed, three, five minutes, and still the engines did not obey. All of a sudden the vessel came to a standstill. A sudden jar and a quiver were felt from stem to stern. She lurched to starboard, then to port, and began to settle down.—E. T. Hiscox.

## USES OF ADVERSITY. (179)

2 Sam 4: 9; Isa. 30: 20.

President Jordan says that the "fishes taken in a pound net, as I have observed them in Lake Michigan, can not escape from it, because they have not intelligence enough to find the opening through which they have entered. If, however, a loon enters the net, the fishes become frightened and lose their heads. In this case they will, sooner or later, all escape, for they cease to hunt about ineffectively for an opening, but flee automatically in straight lines, and these straight lines will in time bring them to the open door of the net!" This is often the office of adversity in our lives, to take our feet out of the net, and to lead us straight to our Father. But how often we, ignorant of this, "stand on our defence, against the very hand of Providence!"

## SINCERE FORGIVENESS. (180)

Matt. 5: 44; 1 Kings 3: 11.

In the sixteenth century when the Anabaptists were the objects of cruel persecution a faithful Christian of this hated sect, when pursued by an officer of justice who intended to bring him to the stake, fled over a frozen lake. It so happened that the officer fell through the ice and cried loudly for help. His cries arrested the flight of the Anabaptist, who stopped, recrossed the ice and saved his enemy from death, and himself went uncomplainingly to a martyr's fate.—Campbell's Puritan in Holland.



## DECEITFULNESS OF PLEASURE.

Luke 8:14; Heb. 11:25; 2 Pet. 2:13. (181)

Sven-Hedin says that at Yarkand the people believe that the traveler through the desert often hears voices calling him by name; he follows them, and he dies of thirst. So Marco Polo wrote of the Great Desert of Lop, "Sometimes the spirits will call him by name, and thus shall a traveler oftentimes be led astray, so that he never finds his party." So oftentimes does pleasure lure men to ruin.

## SWIFT JUDGMENT. (182)

John 5:22; Rev. 20:4.

Philippe le Bel, King of France, determined to exterminate the Knights Templars. Some he burned, some he tortured with the pendulum. One of the knights thus tortured looked so intently at the king that Philippe could not detach his eyes from him. At the third blow the king left the chamber on hearing the knight summon him to appear within a year and a day before the judgment seat of God. Within that time he passed from the scene of his crimes to appear before the "Judge whom no king can corrupt."—Balzac.

## A SLEEP AND AN AWAKENING. (183)

Rom. 13:11; Eph. 5:14.

A few years ago, a young girl, a somnambulist, one dark night got out of the skylight window in her little room which was situated in the very top of the house, and while still asleep she walked to and fro on the roof. A crowd soon gathered and stood trembling and in silence, discussing how they could save her. Dreaming of an approaching party, she was dressing for the occasion, while singing snatches of some gay song; she was careful to preserve her balance upon the roof (because her sleep was her security), she walked right over to the edge of the roof and seated herself, and stopping in her work, she bent over and looked down smiling upon the street. The crowd below were horror stricken and the silence was still more profound. Several times she moved away from this dangerous position, but again she came back to it, always smiling and always sleeping. But, suddenly, in the window opposite her a light was seen to appear. The eyes of the sleeping girl caught it, she suddenly awakened and with one piercing cry fell to her death. \* \* \* Her awakening had killed her.—G. R. Mac-Faul.

## SAVED TO SAVE. (184)

Prov. 11:30; James 5:19, 20; Luke 5:10.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity

than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; it shows signs of life, they draw nearer; it moves and then mutters—mutter in a deep sepulchral voice—"There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another.—Guthrie.

## THE INWARD STRUGGLE. (185)

Rom. 7:21; Gal. 5:17.

Racine, for the benefit of Louis XIV, described in verse the struggle of the flesh against the Spirit, as follows:

"My God, what cruel strife

I find two men in me.

One wills that, full of love, to Thee

My heart should always faithful be;

The other keeps me rebel still

In dire revolt against Thy will.

"One, all soul celestial,

Wills holy service pleasures,

Seeking only heavenly treasures.

All things else as nothing measures;

The other, with sin's fatal weight

Holds me thus in rebel state.

"Alas! in war against myself,

The good I would, I cannot do;

The sin I would not, I pursue;

Extreme my misery and true.

The ill I do, the good I leave undone

The ill I hate and fain would shun."

"Ah, madame," said the monarch, addressing Madame de Maintenon, "how well I know these two men!"

Who does not? Whatever one's position this battle must be fought. How shall it be fought?—by the exhibition of human strength? Nay, but by the faith in Christ, in the power of the Gospel, and in the strength of God.—W. Bullock.

## THE SECRET OF POWER. (186)

Gen. 32:26, 28; Acts 4:13.

It is related that on one occasion a minister, passing along the country, came upon a poor workman upon his knees breaking stones for use in making the road. "My friend," said the minister, "I wish I could break men's hearts as you break those rocks." "Ah, sir," replied the laborer, "you could if you spent as much time upon your knees as I do." The secret of power in soul-winning is found in communion with God. There was a mystery about the work of the apostles (Acts 4:13), but the secret



is explained in that "they took knowledge that they had been with Jesus."

Prayer brings man in touch with the Infinite and gives him great power with men. The higher a man rises in relation to God, the greater will be his power to break the hearts hardened by sin.

### MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY.

Luke 18:1; Mark 14:38; Luke 22:46. (187)

During one of the battles of an Egyptian campaign it was noticed that the regiment that was exposed to the hottest fire received the least injury. Upon inquiring the reason it was found that when the enemy began firing the commanding officer had ordered his regiment to fire upon their knees, and there, half lying, half crouching, on the burning sand, those brave men had fought while the bullets of the enemy had whistled harmlessly over their heads.

O, Christians, when the arrows of Satan are flying the thickest, when the battle presses the hardest, get down on your knees before God and temptations shall pass harmlessly over your head.—A. A. Benfield.

### FRUIT OF SIN. (188)

Rom. 5:12; Job. 14:4; Isa. 30:1; Prov. 11:3; Prov. 13:5.

Last summer I found on a vine by my study window a magnificent spider, containing in its coat almost every brilliant color. Quick as possible I captured it and carried it in triumph to my study in a small box. With pride and interest I watched and fed it each day. When, after a month, it spun a cocoon surpassed in beauty only by itself, then died. I carefully placed the small box containing cocoon and spider away among other similar specimens.

When I had about forgotten the spider I prized so much I noticed one day a tiny spider creeping on the outside of the box, which, on opening, I found almost full of the most horrible little running spiders. With horror I threw box and spiders into the stove.

How many persons cherish some prized sin only to find when they have forgotten it a million horrible offsprings of the sin.—W. S. Pool.

### FULLY PARDONED. (189)

Heb. 9:26; John 5:24.

When I was about sixteen years of age I enlisted in the United States Army to serve five years, but while on a scout after the Cheyenne Indians, because of a fancied insult from my captain I deserted, was captured, tried by a drum-head court martial and sentenced to be shot. I was sent to Fort Reno, where chains were put on my legs and while waiting the day of execution, escaped by cutting out of the prison. Fourteen years afterward I visited the scene of my escape, but was afraid of detection, as the sentence still hung over me,

and I hastened away from the place. Soon after this I told a friend of my trouble and he interceded for me with the officials at Washington. In a few weeks came my pardon and discharge with a letter from the Adjutant General, in which this sentence occurs: "This action closes the military record of the soldier, and he is no longer amenable to arrest." I have been in that old guard house since then and have stood in the place a free man where I once stood with shackles on my legs; but I was not afraid then. I had my pardon; and all the soldiers in the world cannot drag me to prison nor to trial for that old offense. I have "passed from death unto life."—J. K. Griffis.

### FEAR AS A MOTIVE. (190)

1 John 4:18.

An Indian officer who lived in a bungalow on the top of a mound, tells of an incident which occurred during an inundation of the district in which he was stationed. The speck of land upon which his bungalow was built was the only ground which remained high and dry. There gathered the natives, some wild beasts, birds and insects. Soon they saw a speck swimming towards them. As it neared, it proved the head of the dreaded Bengal tiger. He clambered up the bank and cowered at the edge in fear and quietness. The officer knew the fear would soon pass and his native ferocity return. So he put the muzzle of his gun to the ear of the beast and fired. The beast rolled over dead.

Fear is only a transitory emotion; love alone is permanent.—F. S. C. Wicks.

### "SHE GAVE HER LIFE FOR ME." (191)

1 Cor. 15:3.

A vessel on Lake S— was found to be on fire when two miles from shore. The flames had gained such headway before the fire was discovered that there was no time to lose. The only means of escape was by the boats, but after they had been lowered and the passengers had crowded into them till they were filled almost to sinking, and all the life preservers had been taken, there was still left on board a man, his wife and little daughter.

The man looked at the distance between himself and the shore and said: "I think I can do it." He got his wife and daughter to take hold of his shoulders; then he started out with sturdy stroke to swim to shore. After swimming for some time he felt his strength gradually failing; and, at last, when almost exhausted, he said: "I can't save you both." Without one word his wife loosened her hold and found her grave in the watery deep. By tremendous effort he kept on swimming till completely exhausted, when they were rescued and brought safely to shore.

In after years a young woman used to sit and gaze at a large portrait which adorned



the walls of her home; and with tears in her eyes she would gently say to herself: "She gave her life for me."—C. Croft.

## THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

Ps. 10: 14; Matthew 11: 19. (192)

A clergyman visiting in the sick wards of a workhouse in a crowded city was asked by one of the nurses to say a word to a sick man whose bed was near the door of the ward. He said: "With pleasure, Nurse, but he is asleep." No," she said, "he is dying." The clergyman went to the bed and noticed the name-card at the bed-head. "Robert Browning, aged 71; no friends."

"What does this mean, Nurse?" he asked. "Just what it says," she answered. "If he dies tonight we do not know of anyone who knows him. Do speak to him."

The clergyman bent over the bed and quietly said:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear."

In a moment the closed eyes opened and a joyous whisper was heard.

"Yes, Jesus is my Saviour, my friend."

"No friends," said the card; but he was a friend of Jesus. In the intercourse that followed the clergyman was much cheered by the quiet trust and happy confidence of the sick man. It became known in the ward that the sick man with "No Friends" was a friend of Jesus. Some of the sick folk who were approaching convalescence drew near his bed and listened to his feeble words as he spoke of One who had been his tried and trusted Friend for many a long year. For a day or two this went on and the clergyman went each day to the sick bed in the workhouse ward. And when he went again, the bed was there, the card was there, but Robert was not there. He had gone to be a guest with Him who is the Saviour of sinners and the Friend of the friendless.—Henry Barker.

## OBEDIENCE. (193)

1 Cor. 2: 2.

The following dialogue, current at the time, between one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers and the provost guard, illustrates the obedience and confidence of his troops.

The orders read on dress parade the evening before Jackson left the valley to take part in the seven days' fight around Richmond were, that in case the army moved before further orders, the answer from every soldier to any and all questions from those not connected with the army shall be, "I don't know." On the march the provost guard found a soldier in a cherry-tree helping himself, when the following took place:

"Who are you?" demanded the guard.

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know," which was no doubt correct.

"Where have you been?"

"I don't know."

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"What are you doing in that cherry-tree?"

"I don't know."

"Are those cherries good?"

"I don't know."

"Is there anything you do know?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Well, the last order I had from old Stonewall was that I was not to know anything until further orders, and gentlemen I would see you all dead before I will know anything until Old Stonewall takes that order off.—H. N. Smith.

## POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH.

2 Cor. 6: 10. (194)

Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Jena, robbed them of half their country and treated them afterwards as though they had been a tribe of turbulent savages.

Between 1806 and 1810 the Prussian monarch and John lived like hunted poachers. John followed the remnants of the Prussian army from the same field, managed also to elude capture, and wandered also along the Baltic shores. In every place at which he stopped he preached the regeneration of Germany; he encouraged the despondent; he strengthened the purpose of the courageous. Poor and outcast as he was, his country overrun with French troops, officials, and spies, he produced in these days a book which is still a power in the fatherland, and at that time made him at once an apostle to the patriots—a suspect to the French government."—Poultney Bigelow,

## PREPARE, OR BE SEPARATED. (195)

Matt. 25: 32, 33, 46.

Senator Toombs of Georgia and Bishop George Pierce were classmates in college and great friends all through life, though Toombs for many years was very wicked.

The Senator had a beautiful home and a lovely wife, an earnest Christian woman whom he almost worshipped. Pierce often talked with his old friend about religion, but without avail. One day, while a guest in his home, the Bishop said:

"Something's going to happen after a while that will go mighty hard with you, Toombs."

"What's that?" said the Senator.

"You and your lovely wife will be separated; she's going to heaven and you will go to hell."

"O, no, that can't be."

"Yes, it can be, and it will be, too, and you'll be separated from her forever."

"Pierce, do you think—do you believe that?"

"Yes, I do—I know it—unless you repent and ask God to save you."

Toombs was silent a few minutes, then said: "George, I can't stand that—I could never stand such a thing."

That conversation set Toombs to thinking and praying; he sought religion, was converted, joined the church with his wife and lived a Christian life.—G. H. Wilkinson.



## TURNING GOD'S FACE AWAY. (196)

Gen. 3:8; Ps. 143:9.

Not very long since a burglar broke into an unoccupied residence at the seaside. He ransacked the house and brought all the plunder into the dining-room. But in that dining-room there was one of Guido's beautiful marble busts, called "Ecce Homo," "Behold the Man," representing our Lord's face, with the head crowned with thorns. The bust was afterward found with its face turned to the wall and the black marks of the burglar's fingers on the white marble bore evidence that the man had turned the figure round on its bracket with its face averted, as if he feared to search the plunder before the sightless eyes of even a marble Christ. How indicative was that act of the sentiments of the renewed heart. What a joy to the natural man if he could only turn God's face to the wall. If he could only be persuaded that the eyes of the Lord were not everywhere.—H. S. Smith.

## SAVED BY FAITH. (197)

Acts 2:40; Isa. 25:9.

A friend of mine tells of a thrilling scene recently witnessed in a college town. Just as he was turning into the campus of the institution he heard, away down the street, the clanging of an alarm bell, which was quickly followed by the thunder of the fire engine and the rattle of the hook and ladder truck. A fire had broken out in one of the dormitories of the building. In less than a minute a stream of water was thrown upon the burning structure, but it was evident that the dormitory was doomed. The flames leaped from cellar to garret and became a roaring furnace. Suddenly the form of a man was observed leaning out of the top story as if trying to discover a way of escape. The ladders being too short to reach him, the chief ordered him to jump into the net which had been spread out below. But the man, seeing nothing but flames and smoke belching from below, shrank back in alarm. A second time he was enjoined to jump, but again he drew back. He did not have courage to make the leap. Then the captain of the college baseball nine shouted: "Bill, it's death for you to remain where you are; jump, it's the only thing you can do; it's the only chance of life." And the man who had been so used to obeying his captain, and believing his words, made the leap through the flames and smoke, and striking the net, bounded for a moment like a rubber ball, and then was carried on the shoulders of his fellow students amid the shouts, "Saved! Bill's saved!"

## "BUT ONE THING IS NEEDFUL." (198)

Luke 10:42; Ps. 27:4; Matt. 22:12.

The Fraterville, Tenn., mine explosion, in May, 1902, entombed 227 miners, most of whom were instantly killed. In one chute a number of men were unharmed; their air supply, however, being scant and foul,

they, too, were doomed to sure death before help, in twenty hours, reached them. Some lived for hours, sought and found Christ as a personal Saviour, writing and rejoicing of this to their dear ones, bidding adieu, and hoped a reunion in heaven. "Dear Ellen," wrote a husband, "how hard it is to part with you; trust in the Lord who will lead you. Take special care of my little jewel, Lillie. I lack nothing but air; for the want of it I am dying. O for one draught of fresh air." The demand of his physical nature was imperative. Life was impossible without this one thing. In the spiritual realm, too, the soul has an imperative demand for the breath of spiritual life in order to live.—J. F. Froeschle.

TRUSTING INADEQUATE (199)  
MEANS.Isa. 41:6, 7; John 5:45; 1 Tim. 6:17;  
Mark 10:24.

There is a story told in India of a young lover who used to swim a broad river every night to meet his sweetheart on the other side. He was but an indifferent swimmer and so used to buoy himself up with an earthenware water chatty. One day his rival discovered his method of crossing and secretly changed the chatty for one of unbaked clay. That night the lover as usual went to the hiding place in the tall grass and took the substituted chatty and proceeded as usual to cross the river. Before he had reached the middle, however, the water had so softened the unbaked clay that it was no longer able to support him, and the rash lover met a watery death. So do men find when crossing the river of Death that when they have put their trust in anything, other than the blood of Christ, it proves unable to support them and they miserably perish.—M. E. Fletcher.

## HIS MASTER. (200)

Matt. 25:21; Heb. 3:2; Rev. 2:10.

There was once a young man in old Vienna named Rudolph. He determined one day to write a symphony; he set to work and labored hard; he wrote it and rewrote it. Then he called in some friends and went over it with them; they were loud in their praises. They said: "It's great, Rudolph; it will make you a great name." But he wasn't satisfied with it. He went over it again and again until at last he had finished it. Then he set the orchestra to work upon it. Finally the night came when it was to be given to the public. The great hall was literally packed with people, and as the beauties of the harmony floated out over them it touched a responsive chord in their lives, it melted their hearts and they caught the inspiration of the composer. When the last strain had died out there was a moment's silence, then the great throng went almost wild in the demonstration of their enthusiasm, and hundreds flocked to the stage to congratulate the young musician. But he stood there unmoved. After the crowd had passed away somewhat,



there came down the aisle an old white-haired man; going up to the young man, he placed both his hands on his shoulders and said, "It was well done, Rudolph, it was well done." Then it was that a smile of satisfaction stole over the face of the young musician. That was his master.—E. A. Krapp.

#### HE HUMBLLED HIMSELF. (201)

Phil. 2:8.

When schools for imbeciles were first opened in Europe, a young man of culture, wealth and leisure was moved to study their methods and undertake a like work on our shores. His first case was a lad of five years who had no use of his limbs or muscles and could only lie on the floor a helpless mass of flesh. He tried in every way to touch the latent ability in this child, but in vain. At last he had the boy brought to his room for a half hour at noon each day and would lie down beside him to endeavor to stir some sort of suggestion in the imprisoned soul, reading aloud to occupy his time. After many months had passed in this way, one day, utterly weary, he stopped his reading and at once noticed a strange restlessness in the little mass of humanity with a trembling movement of the hand, and as he put his head nearer at last with great effort the little fellow managed to touch his lips as though he said: "I miss that noise; please make it." He then knew he had control of the boy, and by manipulating the muscles he taught him to walk, and led him out step by step into the freedom and joy of life—Wm. F. English.

#### CARELESS SOULS. (202)

Acts 26:18-20; Jer. 44:5; Dan. 12:3.

A great crowd gathered around a little boy. There was a look of intense sympathy on each of the various faces in the multitude that had stopped in its busy haste down the crowded thoroughfare of the country's metropolis. It was only a little Italian boy who was lying there on the pavement bruised and broken in body and not a soul saw him but pitied him. An unfeeling heart might have said it was his own fault, as indeed it was. He had been engaged in the street boy's favorite amusement, "craps," a gambling game of wonderful fascination to the untutored children of the pavements. So great was his absorption in the turns of the dice that he did not hear the rumbling of the car, which just now struck him and left him bleeding and battered on the wayside. If he lives, he will be a hopeless cripple. Thousands of men, women and children are similarly absorbed in gambling their immortal souls for the toys of this life. Where are those whose duty it is to warn? Why are the poor victims so heedless of the danger?—Howard Wayne Smith.

#### ANIMALIZED. (203)

James 1:15; 2 Pet. 2:10; 2 Pet. 1:4.

I once visited a man in the city of Baroda, India, who had bartered all he had

to sensualism. He was the son of an English gentleman. His father at the time of this son's birth and for some years after was the Commissioner of Guzarat. He had received a liberal education and a substantial financial start in life. But he gave himself up to be moulded by impure associates, literature and thoughts, and when I found him he was what this evil trinity had made him—an animalized man. His lechery had fastened upon him a loathsome disease and blindness. He had been left a life pension by his father which should have kept him in comfort, but his condition was pitiable in the extreme. His dwelling was a floorless horse stable, without a window or a chimney, the door through which I entered answering for both. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I saw the man lying upon a rough native cot, covered with rags. He was too feeble to rise. By his cot were four lewd native women, his constant attendants. Though he knew he had but a short time to live he would not permit them to leave his side long enough for me to talk and pray with him alone. He realized that he was lost, but so accustomed had his thoughts become to dwell upon the impure that, according to his own confession, he could not think consecutively upon anything else. I knelt by his side and prayed for him, but when I arose from my knees I saw abundant evidence that even while I talked with God his thoughts were libidinous. He was completely animalized. When one lets the devil of impurity take possession of the soul, that one has started toward the same goal this man reached.—Albert H. Baker.

#### THE FLAG—THE CROSS. (204)

Col. 1:20; Gal. 6:12.

Comrade Ray of Florence, Mass., tells the following incident: In a certain room in Andersonville prison were confined a dozen or more young men captured from the Union Army. They were mostly sick, lying in a row. They had been offered their liberty if they would join the Confederate forces. Again and again the offer had come, and as often been rejected. But one day one of the twelve or more young men, now reduced almost to starvation and death, arose and began to walk down the line past his comrades, as if he were ready at last to accept the terms. It chanced that one of these comrades had concealed about his person a small Union flag. And now rising from the floor, where his emaciated form was lying, he thrust the flag out directly across the path of his brother in retreat. The challenge was enough. The poor fellow was aroused, arrested, and fairly staggering back, exclaimed, "Forgive me, comrades, forgive me." Then he turned again to his couch, saying, "Tell my mother that I died true to the old flag." And so he did, for a few days later his lifeless body was borne forth. The cross of Christ stirs us to loyalty when we see it. If we did it thoughtfully we might well adopt the Catholic custom of crossing one's self.



## PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK.

## NATIONAL COVETOUSNESS. (205)

"The Deity that overrules all things punishes the sin of covetousness, not necessarily by withholding or depriving of the coveted object, but by planting in the wrongful acquisition a penalty." Thus moralizes James Schouler contemplating the war with Mexico and its results. Divine retribution follows quickly, and the delusion of "manifest destiny" brought its appropriate punishment. That iniquitous war with Mexico drove from public confidence the political set by whom it was provoked. The first sense of guilty wrong lasted after the secret motives of the war had been fully revealed. A wider retribution followed as the scroll of Divine requital slowly unrolled. In less than five years North and South were nearly in civil conflict to settle the social status of these new territories; in five years more the rivalry, still further strengthened, was transferred to other territory and other new projects for slave conquest; another five years saw civil disruption and a civil war such as the world had never witnessed; and before twenty years had elapsed slavery and slave confederacy had melted alike in the fervent heat of a strife which began in this unhallowed attempt to wrest the domains of a weaker republic for the spread and perpetuation of slave institutions in the stronger. —See Schouler, v. V, p. 129.

"Do what thou wilt! Yes, only do (206)

What seemeth good to thee:

Thou art so loving, wise, and true,

It must be best for me.

Send what thou wilt, or beating shower,

Soft dew, or brilliant sun;

Alike, in still or stormy hour,

My Lord, thy will be done.

Teach what thou wilt; and make me learn

Each lesson full and sweet,

And deeper things of God discern

While waiting at thy feet.

Say what thou wilt; and let each word

My quick obedience win;

Let loyalty and love be stirred

To deeper glow within.

Give what thou wilt; for then I know

I shall be rich indeed;

My King rejoices to bestow

Supply for every need.

Take what thou wilt, beloved Lord,

For I have all in thee!

My own exceeding great reward,

Thou, thou thyself shalt be!"

## GOD NOW HERE. (207)

Rom. 1:22.

An infidel was recovering from a dangerous illness and asked his child to write up in front of his bed the words, "God is nowhere." She obeyed his command to the letter, but so arranged the words that they meant something very different to what had been intended, for she put up "God is now here." The effect was that her father became a changed man.

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S CREED. (208)

James 2:18.

"I believe that Christ has imposed on all his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and communicate, to love his neighbor, to give food and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, so far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety and happiness."

## HE CARETH. (209)

1 Pet. 5:7.

A herd of five thousand cattle were toiling over a lonely trail from New Mexico to Kansas, leaving behind them, across the plains and valleys, a swath as bare as if it had been swept by the fiery breath of a simoon. Suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning, and moved to the right and passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to the right or left, and their example was followed by each long-horned pilgrim as he reached the dreaded spot. When the entire herd had passed, a wide, trampled track lay behind, but near the middle of this dusty space stood a luxuriant island of grass, three feet in diameter. A herdsman rode up to the spot and dismounted, expecting to find a rattlesnake, a creature of which cattle, as well as horses, have a well-founded dread. Instead of a serpent, however, the grass tuft contained only a harmless kildeer plover covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken by a steer for a rattlesnake. She did not take flight even at the approach of the cowboy, but valiantly pecked at his boot as he gently pushed her on one side, to find that the nest contained four unfledged kildeers.

## FASCINATION. (210)

Jam. 1:14.

Mr. Long had a dark-lantern in his canoe one night and it attracted a fawn:

"I followed a little way, watching every move, till she turned again, and for a longer time stared steadfastly at the light. It was harder this time to break away from its power. She came nearer two or three times, halting between dainty steps to stare and wonder, while her eyes blazed into mine. Then, as she faltered irresolutely, I reached forward and closed the lantern, leaving lake and woods in deeper darkness than before. At the sudden release I heard her plunge out of the water; but a moment later she was moving nervously among the trees, trying to stamp herself up to the courage point of coming back to investigate. And when I flashed my lantern at the spot she threw aside caution and came hurriedly down the bank again.

"Later that night I heard other footsteps in the pond, and opened my lantern upon three deer, a doe, a fawn and a large buck,



feeding at short intervals among the lily pads. The buck was wild; after one look he plunged into the woods, whistling danger to his companions. But the fawn heeded nothing, knew nothing for the moment save the satisfaction of the wonderful glare out there in the darkness. Had I not shut off the light, I think he would have climbed into the canoe in his intense wonder."

### PROTECTION. (211)

John 1:4-9.

I saw the little fellow again, in a curious way, a few nights later. A wild storm was raging over the woods. Under its lash the great trees writhed and groaned; and the "voices"—that strange phenomenon of the forest and rapids—were calling wildly through the roar of the storm and the rush of rain on innumerable leaves. I had gone out on the old wood road to lose myself for a little while in the intense darkness and uproar, and to feel again the wild thrill of the elements. But the night was too dark, the storm too fierce. Every few moments I would blunder against a tree, which told me I was off the road; and to lose the road meant to wander all night in the storm-swept woods. So I went back for my lantern, with which I again started down the old cart path, a little circle of wavering, jumping shadows about me, the one gray spot in the midst of universal darkness.

I had gone but a few hundred yards when there was a rush—it was not the wind or the rain—in a thicket on my right. Something jumped into the circle of light. Two bright spots burned out of the darkness, then two more; and with strange bleats a deer came close to me with her fawn. I stood stock-still, with a thrill in my spine that was not altogether of the elements, while the deer moved uneasily back and forth. The doe wavered between fear and fascination; but the fawn knew no fear, or perhaps he knew only the great fear of the uproar around him; for he came close beside me, rested his nose an instant against the light, then thrust his head between my arm and body, so as to shield his eyes, and pressed close against my side, shivering with cold and fear, pleading dumbly for my protection against the pitiless storm.

What a picture in the first case of fascination—the light in the boat could give no real satisfaction, only curiosity. In the second case, what a picture of trust in time of storm seeking shelter where every instinct would cause it to flee. There shall come a time, when the curse is removed and the fawn may do in daylight what it did in the stormy night, and sin and the fascination of it shall be no more. Again the first light is like the devil's light; its only object to allure. The second light was for safety and it led to protection.

### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. (212)

Luke 16: 21; Matt. 15: 27; Prov. 12: 10.

Landseer, the world famed animal painter, was passionately fond of animals. He had a strong feeling against having dogs tied up,

so as to be allowed their freedom only now and then. He used to say that a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because the former could take his coat off, but a dog had to live in his forever. He had a marvelous power over dogs. Queen Victoria once asked him, how it was that he gained this wonderful knowledge of dogs. Landseer replied, "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am." As the world grows more Christian it becomes a more comfortable place for animals to live. We should every one seek to peep into the hearts of the animals over which we have control, that we may add to their happiness. They too are God's creatures.

(From "Eben Holden.")

### TROUBLE IS EASY TO FIND. (213)

"Don't never pay t' go lookin' fer trouble—it's tew easy t' find. There ain't no sech thing's trouble in this world 'less ye look fer it. Happiness won't hev nuthin' t' dew with a man that likes trouble. Minnit a man stops lookin' fer trouble happiness 'll look fer him. Things come purty nigh's ye like 'em here 'n this word—hot er cold er only middlin'. Ye can either laugh er cry er fight er fish er go t' meetin'. If ye don't like erry one ye can fin' fault. I'm on the lookout fer happiness—suits me best, someway, an' don't hurt my feelins a bit."

### SPEECH-MAKING—THE YANKEE TALENT. (214)

"What are the two great talents of the Yankee, talents that made our forefathers famous the world o'er? 'Its war and speakin'. But his greatest talent is the gift o' gab. Give him a chance t' talk it over with his enemy an' he'll lick 'em without a fight. An' when his enemy is another Yankee, why, they both get licked, jest as it was in the case of the man thet sold me lightnin' rods. He was sorry he done it before I got through with him.' If we did not encourage this talent in our sons they would be talked to death by our daughters."

### MEEKNESS—MUST PROTECT ITSELF. (215)

"I recollect a man Ranney over'n Vermont—he was a pious man. Got into an argyment an' a feller slapped him in the face. Ranney turned t'other side an' then t'other an' the feller kep' a slappin' hot an' heavy. It was jes' like strappin' a razor fer half a minnit. Then Ranney sailed in—gin him the wust lickin' he ever had. 'I declare,' says another man, when 'twas over, 'I thought you was a Christian.' 'Am up to a cert'n p'int,' says he. 'Can't go tew fur in these parts less ye wan't t' die sudden.' Fraid 's a good deal thet way with most uv us. We're Christians up to a cert'n p'int. For one thing, I think if a man'll stan' still an' see himself knocked into the nex' world he's a leetle tew good fer this."

### ORATORY. (216)

Uncle Eb was greatly pleased with Bill's graduation oration, and when it was over he avowed: "Willie, ye done noble. Liked it grand—I did, sartin. Showed great larnin'." Then he said, "Now, thet president man, de-



ceivin' lookin', ain't he? Seen him often, but never took no pertic'lar notice of him before."

"How deceiving?" I inquired.

"Talked so kind of plain. I could understand him as easy as though he'd been swap-pin' hosses. But when you got up, Bill! why, you jes' riz right up in the air an' there couldn't no dum fool tell what you was talkin' 'bout."

Whereat I concluded that Uncle Eb's humor was as deep as it was kindly, but I have never been quite sure whether the remark was a compliment or a bit of satire.

#### MENDING THE TORN LEAVES. (217)

Matt. 9: 12.

Very interesting are the methods which an expert binder uses to apply his plasters to torn bookleaves and sheets of music. The leaf to be mended is first split in half, without injuring the text, so that there are two leaves instead of one. Then a plaster of filmy silk is cut to the size required and pasted between the halves. The edges of the silk that protrude are trimmed off, and the leaf looks like any other leaf in the book, but feels slightly thicker. Anyone but an expert would be likely to fail in such an attempt. Mending torn souls and ragged wasted lives is like mending torn pages. They cannot be mended until a Master Hand shall tear them further, shall separate them from sin and self, and giving them possession of a new strength, remake them afresh.

#### LASTING EFFECTS. (218)

Isa. 40: 8.

A clergyman happened to be visiting a parishioner when she was hanging out her clothes to dry. "A nice sermon you preached to us yesterday," said she.

"What was the text?" said her pastor. "I cannot remember it," was the answer, "but I know what you said did me good."

"I don't think the sermon could have helped you, if you cannot even remember the text," said he.

"Well, now look at those clothes, are they not nice and clean? What has made them so? Was it not soap? But there is no soap in them now. So your sermon does me good, though the text has gone out of my head."

#### NO MORE NEED OF BIBLE. (219)

Ps. 119: 71; Ps. 119: 11.

Some years back a wretched man lay in — goal, condemned to death for his crimes. He seemed alarmed for his soul, and asked for a Bible. This was brought him, and left in his cell.

Some fresh evidence, however, tended to lighten his guilt, and the sentence was finally commuted to penal servitude for a term of years.

The chaplain communicated the fact to the prisoner, who was much affected. On recovering himself he took up the Bible and handed it to the clergyman. "There, sir," said he, "is your book, and I do hope I shall never stand in need of it again."

#### CHRIST FELLOWSHIP CLEANSSES.

Acts 4: 13.

(220)

On the English seacoast there is a certain fountain which is within the tide mark. Twice a day the tide spreads over it, and the tide goes down and the fountain washes itself clear from the defilement. This is the emblem of life that is in daily contact with the world and its defilement. Again and again it is touched by the evil one, but I bring you the cure today. Live close to Christ by faith, and in the midst of trials most perplexing, great peace shall fill your soul.

#### MEMORY ROOM. (221)

Ps. 63: 5, 6; Isa. 26: 8.

A house decorator in Buffalo, N. Y., was ordered to paper every room but one, and he was curious to know why that room was left blank. On entering, however, he saw a strange scene. On the walls were pasted hundreds of letters, and the young lady, who was kept within doors much of her time, said that she had thus papered the walls of her room because every letter was precious to her heart. There were letters from mother, now in heaven; from friends in the skies; letters which brought up pleasant associations of childhood and school days. Every one of them had to her a meaning; she could sit in her room and revel in these associations. And so we may have our rooms of memory filled with Scripture truths. Every one of them is suggestive of something in the past, the remembrance of which gives us delight. This one tells of victory won; that one of a sorrow borne; another of a perplexity in which we were guided; another still of some great calamity which might have crushed us but for the promise that sustained.

#### LONG DISTANCE REFORM. (222)

Matt. 8: 17.

We have read of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel the tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. A prominent pastor in Brooklyn was absorbed studying the question of socialism, when his wife came in with despair on her face, and said she wanted advice about the servants. "Oh, my dear," he replied, "I cannot give my time to little matters like domestic service. I am trying to solve the social problem of the universe." "Well," replied the wife, "you solve the problem in the kitchen, and I will promise you to solve the problem of the universe in twenty-four hours."

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## UNUSUAL.

Among the passengers in a train were a lady, a nurse girl, and a little boy. The boy pinched the nurse's face, tore her bonnet, kicked and screamed as only a spoilt child can. Whenever the nurse remonstrated, the injudicious mother said: "Let him have it, Mary. Let him alone." Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap; and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window, and the boy tried to catch it.

"Harry mustn't touch it! It will bite Harry!"

Harry screamed and began to kick the nurse. The mother, without opening her eyes, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants, at once!"

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp, and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers. The mother woke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said, quietly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

My ideal of the church of the present and of a considerable section of the future is illustrated by the sermon of a minister preaching to a company of miners. They were lying around in their loose array, listening or not, as the case might be, and the preacher himself was in his shirt-sleeves, but he was the man for the place. Somehow, right in the midst of his sermon, in which he had made no reference to hell whatever, a man half drunk rose up and said: "Hold up, pard, I have a question to ask. Do you believe in hell?" The preacher was a little taken aback—it would take a great preacher to be equal to the emergency. But he says, "Hold on, brother, if you ask a question like that you should stand up and face the music." The man, who had sunk back on the ground, got up again. "Now," said the preacher, "these are your neighbors; they know you and you know them. Now, straight and true, answer like a man; didn't you ever know some fellow that you thought ought to go to hell?" The man started, and then he said, "Say, pard, you bet I do."

WHAT YOU DON'T SAY WON'T  
HURT YOU.

It is related that a parrot and dog being brought together in a room, the parrot for the fun of the thing said to the dog, "Sic him," the result being that the dog, seeing nothing else to attack, went for the parrot, which lost a good share of its tail feathers before it escaped to its perch. It is related that the parrot, after inspecting damages, said to himself, "Poll, you talk too much."

The Rev. Mr. H— was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin near by, knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously.

"Remember the Scriptures," said the dominie, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"Angels don't come round with cud's of tobacco in their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.

A farmer, travelling to London, became impressed with the belief that he had left behind certain important papers. As he made a hurried investigation of his bag, he said: "If I did leave those papers, I'm a fool." He continued the search, and a moment later exclaimed, "I'll bet it 'll turn out I'm a fool!" For the third time he rummaged; and, as he reached the last bundle, he repeated: "Yes, sir, I believe it 'll turn out I'm a fool!" Now the travelling British public resents any disturbance; and a man on the other side of the compartment, who had frowningly looked over his newspaper, said, with sarcastic interest, "Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."

In charge of the question-box at Chattanooga, Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., was asked, "Do you think the great pyramid a prophecy of the coming of Christ?" His reply, which was followed by prolonged applause, was, "I answer with the speculation of a man who found a boot on the shores of the Mediterranean marked 'J,' and concluded that it belonged to Jonah, and was cast off by him in his struggles when he got on the shore."

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—Mercy, no! That's glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—Then that's why I can't get my hat off.

## WELL MATCHED.

A lady, who was a great admirer of a certain preacher, took Bishop Magee with her to hear him, and asked him afterwards what he thought of the sermon.

"It was very long," the bishop said.

"Yes," said the lady, "but there is a saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

## MATCH-BOX WORSHIP.

Father Bartoli, who has labored for many years as a missionary in India, speaking in Rome, said that one of his fellow missionaries gave some boxes of matches to the people of a village who had for generations



obtained fire by rubbing two flints together. A few months later he found that the people were worshipping these boxes of matches as deities.

Mr. Spurgeon on one occasion was much annoyed by three young men persisting in wearing their hats in the Tabernacle. He appeared for the time not to notice them, but proceeded to tell his audience of a visit he paid to a Jewish synagogue. "When I entered," he said, "I took off my hat, but was informed that the great mark of respect was to keep it on. I did so, though I can assure you that I felt very strange wearing my hat in a place of worship. And now, as I paid this mark of respect to the synagogue, may I ask those three Jews in the gallery to conform equally to our rules and kindly uncover their heads." The young men "collapsed."

"Willie," asked the teacher, "how many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," promptly answered Willie.

"How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher.

"Why," replied Willie, "that's the Fourth of July."

#### CHALLENGED.

An old deacon found fault with his minister once, and at last his minister told him that he would let him preside on a given occasion and make a speech. The deacon attempted it; and choking, he hesitated and coughed and stammered, and the girls and boys beginning to laugh at him, in a huff he said, finally: "If you can do any better than I can, come up here and try it."—Henry Ward Beecher.

#### NOT MUCH LEFT.

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "You see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons o' yours. I'm an old man now, 'n' have to set putty well back by the stove; 'n' ther's old Miss Smith, 'n' Widow Taff, 'n' Mrs. Rylan's daughters, 'n' Nabby Birt, 'n' all the rest settin' in front o' me, with their mouths wide open, a swallowin' down all the best o' the sermon, 'n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson—putty poor stuff."—An argument for moving up front.

"The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the well known traveler, lecturer and writer, and Pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, will visit the Old World this coming season, accompanied by a select party of his friends.

Dr. Banks is well acquainted with the various countries of the Old World, having traveled extensively in the United Kingdom, Central and Southern Europe. Numerous prominent New Yorkers have signified their desire to accompany Dr. Banks, and the programme bids fair to afford many young people a welcome change this coming season.

#### A SUBSTITUTE.

Father Shebane, an old Universalist preacher in Alabama, was known as "The Walking Bible." In the court-house it was discovered on one occasion that there was no Bible to swear the jurors and witnesses upon. The judge, casting his eyes on the venerable preacher, said: "There's Shebane, he has the Bible in his head; let them lay their hands upon him, and that will answer the purpose."

#### A CHARITABLE INTERPRETATION.

S. Vincent de Paul having dissuaded Queen Anne from intruding an unworthy young man into the Episcopate, went to explain matters to the mother, to whom the Queen had made a kind of promise.

The lady was greatly enraged, and even threw a candlestick at the Saint's head; but all he ever said about it was, "I admired the strength of a mother's love."

#### EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

One of the most eminent New England divines, himself the son of a Puritan clergyman, told me that when a boy he heard the deacons at his father's house discussing the merits of their respective ministers. After many had spoken, one old elder said, "Waal, our minister gives so much attention to his farm and orchard that we get pretty poor sermons; but he's mighty movin' in prayer in caterpillar and canker-worm time."—Chauncey M. Depew, in *Modern Eloquence*.

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## Stories of Hymns.

### Suitable for Praise or Song Service, or Announcing Hymns.

Note.—During the past year we have presented material for several song services, and we invariably have requests for more. In our conference of readers as to the program for the coming year the requests for a regular department on this subject were unanimous.

Therefore we will give in each issue interesting information about six or eight hymns.

You can add to the interest of the service by asking members of the congregation the previous Sunday to put on the collection plate titles of favorite hymns. This will necessitate your owning some work on hymnology. We get most of our information from "Annotations Upon Popular Hymns."

See Page 247.

We shall follow as nearly as possible the list of the best one hundred hymns, published by the Tract Society as the result of the vote of some 3,000 persons.

### FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Africa's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand.

The story of this wonderful hymn of Bishop Reginald Heber has been told over and over again. A fac-simile of the original manuscript is in existence to this day. On the fly-leaf of this appears the following account of its origin, penned by Thomas Edgeworth, a solicitor, formerly residing in Wrexham, England, where the fac-simile was made: "On Whitsunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in Wrexham Church in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday evening lectures intended to be established in the church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta (Heber), then rector of Hodnet, the Dean's son-in-law, undertook to deliver the first lecture. In the course of the Saturday previous, the Dean and his son-in-law being together in the vicarage, the former requested Heber to write 'something for them to sing in the morning;' and he retired for that purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired: 'What have you written?' Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the Dean. 'No, no, the sense is not complete,' replied Heber. Accordingly he added the fourth verse, and, the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of 'Let me add another, oh, let me add another,' thus completed the hymn, which has since become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning, in Wrexham Church, the first time."

The tune, "Missionary Hymn," to which this piece is universally sung in America, was composed by Lowell Mason. The history of its composition is in like measure romantic; the family of the now deceased

musician have very kindly supplied the facts.

It seems that a lady residing in Savannah, Ga., had in some way become possessed of a copy of the words, sent to this country from England. This was in 1823. She was arrested by the beauty of the poetry and its possibilities as a hymn. But the meter of 7s, 6s, D. was almost new in this period; there was no tune which would fit the measure. She had been told of a young clerk in a bank, Lowell Mason by name, just a few doors away down the street. It was said that he had the gift for making beautiful songs. She sent her son to this genius in music, and in a half-hour's time he returned with this composition. Like the hymn it voices, it was done at a stroke, but it will last through the ages. This young man grew up to be the leading spirit in the American church in all matters of sacred music. He was born in Medfield, Mass., Jan. 8, 1792, and died in Orange, N. J., Aug. 11, 1872.

### ALL HAIL THE POWER.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

When this remarkable composition was offered to the Christian public, it was refused a place in the Methodist collection. The Wesleys at that time had a singular antipathy against the author, in common with the clergy of the Established Church. They believed the Establishment to be Laodicean, filled with worldliness and formality. Dr. Belcher relates this incident:

"Mr. Wesley had long been desirous of hearing Edward Perronet preach; and Mr. Perronet, aware of it, was as resolutely determined he should not, and therefore studied to avoid every occasion that would lead to it. Mr. Wesley was preaching in London one evening, and, seeing Mr. Perronet in the chapel, published, without asking his consent, that he would preach there the next morning at 5 o'clock. Mr. Perronet had too much respect for the congregation to disturb their peace by a public remonstrance, and too much regard for Mr. Wesley entirely to resist his bidding. The night passed over. Mr. Perronet ascended the pulpit under the impression that Mr. Wesley would be secreted in some corner of the chapel, if he did not show himself publicly, and, after singing and prayer, informed the congregation that he appeared before them contrary to his own wish; that he had never been once asked, much less his consent gained, to preach; that he had done violence to his feelings to show his respect for Mr. Wesley; and now that he had been compelled to occupy the place in which he stood, weak and inadequate as he was for the work assigned him, he would pledge himself to furnish them with the best sermon that had ever been delivered. Opening the Bible, he proceeded to read our



Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which he concluded without a single word of his own by way of note or comment. He closed the service with singing and prayer. No imitator has been able to produce equal effect."

Concerning the author of this now famous hymn, almost nothing can be told. He printed it in a rare volume entitled: *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, Published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious*. London, 1785. It is said that there is a copy of this in the British Museum, and another in the library of the Drew Seminary, Madison, N.J. Rev. Edward Perronet, born in 1726, was the son of Rev. Vincent Perronet, who was the vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, England. He became very intimate with the Wesleys. At one time he had a charge in Lady Huntingdon's connection. He drifted among the denominations until at last he ended his days in Canterbury, January 2, 1792, as the minister of a Dissenting congregation. His last words were: "Glory to God in the height of his divinity! Glory to God in the depth of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! And into his hands I commend my spirit!"

The Rev. E. P. Scott was a missionary in India. One day, on the street of a village, he met a very strange-looking native, who proved to be from the interior tribe of murderous mountaineers who had not received the Gospel. Going to his lodgings the good man at once prepared for a visit to them, taking, among other things, a fiddle. His friends urged that he was exposing himself to needless peril, but his only answer was, that he "must carry Jesus to them." After two days of travel, he was suddenly confronted by members of the tribe which he sought, who pointed their spears at his heart. Expecting nothing but instant death, he drew out the violin, shut his eyes and commenced to play and sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." At the stanza, "Let every kindred, every tribe," he ventured to open them, and found an altogether different face to affairs. It was the commencement of a residence of two years and a half, and its results were great. The missionary told this story on his visit to America, whence he returned to die among the people to whom "All hail the power of Jesus' name" had given him access.

#### "THE WONDROUS CROSS."

When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

This was made for Dr. Isaac Watts' *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, where it appears as No. 7 in Book III.; he gives to it as usual a title and text: "Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ: Gal. 6: 14." A few years ago one of the religious magazines in London invited its readers to vote upon the hymns in use among the churches

by sending in lists containing the best hundred of them all. A prize was offered for that one which should most nearly represent the general verdict. Almost four thousand papers were received; fifty-five different authors were included in the approval; Toplady, with his incomparable "Rock of Ages," stood confessedly the first. But Charles Wesley, with seven hymns, and Isaac Watts, with seven also, followed next. Every one said Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul" was his best; and every one said Watts' best was "When I survey the wondrous cross."

#### HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

In the "Account of First Rank Hymns," issued in the interest of Anglican Hymnology, this one, written by Bishop Reginald Heber in 1827, is registered as the eleventh upon the list in point of merit and also according to use in the collections. It appeared first in the volume called *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Service of the Year*. A reference is made to the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle on Trinity Sunday, especially to the words "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The hymn has had vast popularity for its real merit, for it is as stately and beautiful as an anthem; but the tune to which it is now invariably sung, "Nicaea," by Dr. Dykes, has given it a matchless glory all over the world. This piece of music was made expressly for this poem, and took its name from the fact that Nicaea, in Asia Minor, was the city in which the chief Christian Ecumenical Council held its assemblies in A. D. 325. It was on this occasion that the doctrines of Christ's eternal sonship and his equality with the Father were settled as the creed of the churches; then also the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which the Arians had attacked, was established. Hence a Trinity hymn, fine as this, became associated with a strain of music bearing the name of the ancient town where the Council was held.

#### PSALM 90.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home!

This is Dr. Watts' version of Psalm 90, First Part, C. M. It consists of nine stanzas, and is entitled: "Man frail, and God eternal."

That Dr. Isaac Watts' later life was marked by weakness and pain is shown by a letter addressed by him to President Williams, of Yale, and just discovered and

printed in Boston. "You ask my age, sir," writes the good doctor. "'Tis a wonder I can do anything after three-score years of life, whereof ten or twelve have been wasted in various illnesses, chiefly of ye nervous kind. Nor have I been able to preach one hour these twenty-six years; nor can I study above an hour or hour and a half at a time without release; so that all that I can do is by short snatches of easy and severe seasons; so that you will readily say, 'Tis time for me to have done with philosophy.'"

#### LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light! amid the encircling  
gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
home,  
Lead thou me on;  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for  
me.

John Henry Newman, D. D., was born in London, February 21, 1801; he died in Birmingham, August 11, 1890. His father was a banker. His mother was a Huguenot, and both of his parents were decidedly religious in profession and life. His father died while he was very young, and then the boy was sent away to school. He tells us that from a child he "was brought up to take great delight in reading the Bible."

He was graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, and in Oriel College afterward he became a tutor, and was thrown into the association and companionship of Richard Hurrell Froude. In 1828 he found such friends as John Keble and Edward Bouverie Pusey. With those men commenced what has been known as the Oxford movement in the English Establishment. The candor of Dr. Newman's narrative reveals a singular state of mind through which he was passing for a period of years. He says he was disturbed in his faith by infidels like Paine and Hume and Voltaire. He used to believe in angels living here among men disguised as human beings; he got into the habit unconsciously of making the sign of the cross, as Roman Catholics do; and it was a volume of pious old Romaine that settled his confidence, and then he moved straight on till he became a formal communicant in the Church of Rome at the last.

From the papal city Dr. Newman went to Sicily; there he fell ill close unto death. But when the servant came to him for the last orders, he cried out: "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light!" That seemed to be the burden of every meditation. He gained strength, and departed for home by the sea. In the calm of a sultry week, when the sails would not stir, out between the two islands of Corsica and Sardinia, he composed this hymn, which all the world knows and sings with universal acceptance. The title which the author affixed to it was "The Pillar of

the Cloud." It was first published in the British Magazine, and then incorporated in the *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, which he and his fellow-travelers had already begun to write while they were in the city of Rome together. There were only three stanzas to it as he wrote it—these are the three we have.

He came home to begin the publication of the Oxford Tracts. That small company of determined friends shook the British Islands with the throes of a passionate discussion, never violent on their part, but always vigorous and often intense. It was not until 1845 that Dr. Newman finally was received into the communion of the Roman Church. The ecclesiastical authorities gave him an enthusiastic welcome, and rewarded him with their honors. He was made the rector of a university in Dublin, and ultimately there was given him a cardinal's hat in 1879. Latterly he made his home at Birmingham; but his old age drew him aside from public life.

#### GUIDE ME.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

Rev. William Williams was called in his day "the sweet singer of Wales." He was born at Cefn-y-Coed, in the parish of Llanfair-y-bryn, near Llandoverly, in 1717. He preached, although he never went beyond deacon's orders in the Established Church; he had a curacy in 1740 at Llanddewi-Abergwesyn, but before long he became identified with what was called the Calvinistic Methodist connection. For more than a generation he made his voice heard as a singer and preacher wherever the uncouth but tenderly-cherished words of his native tongue were familiar. He was famous as a revivalist, and marvelously popular all through North and South Wales. He died at Pantycelyn, January 11, 1791.

Of this poem now before us it needs only to be said that William Williams wrote it in Welsh, and it was published in his *Alleluia*, 1745. The earliest translation of it into English was made by Rev. Peter Williams of Carmarthen, 1771, and published in his *Hymns on Various Subjects*. Then Rev. William Williams accepted a portion of the other version, added a new stanza to what he took, and printed the whole on a leaflet, with this heading: "A Favorite Hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's Young Collegians. Printed by the desire of many Christian friends. Lord, give it thy blessing!" Thus it was adopted into the Lady Huntingdon Collection, about 1772.

One line in the third stanza, "Death of death, and hell's Destruction," has caused a great deal of worry first and last. Singers seemed not to understand it. Jesus Christ is the "Death of death," and the Destruction of hell; he is here personified and ador-



ingly addressed by the soul which wishes to be landed out of reach of death and hell, safe "on Canaan's side" of Jordan. The American Methodist Hymnal has cut out the invocation bodily, and substituted the line, "Bear me through the swelling current."

### PRAYER FOR THE SEAMEN.

Eternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

William Whiting was born in Kensington, London, November 1, 1825, and educated at Clapham and Winchester. In the latter town he held for more than twenty years the position of Master of the Winchester College Choristers' School, dying there in 1878. The poem by which Mr. Whiting is so widely known was written for Hymns, Ancient and Modern, and published in 1861 in its present form. It has always been associated with Dr. Dykes' beautiful tune called "Melita," the ancient name of Malta, on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, and words and music have become endeared to the world. Not only the dwellers by the sea, but those who from their inland homes follow in imagination the ship that bears the husband or son over the tossing waves, will join with a full heart in the refrain:

"Oh, hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea!"

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life: "Keep me, my God; for my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide!" Keep me, my God, keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "thy ocean is so wide"—the journey is so long, and the days and the years are many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in thy righteousness."

There are three portraits of Cowper, by three distinguished painters: Abbott, Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. These were all taken within a short time. That by Abbott, an oil painting, was taken in July, 1792, at Weston; that by Romney, in crayons; in

August and September of the same year, when the poet was on a visit to Hayley, at Earham; and that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Weston, in October, 1793. The portrait which is most familiarly known, having been often engraved, and appearing in various editions of the poems, was painted after his death, from the portraits of Abbott and Lawrence, by Jackson, R. A., and is now in the possession of Earl Cowper, at Penshanger, Hertfordshire. The artist has very successfully combined the characteristic points of the portraits taken from life, and gives an excellent idea of the poet when a little over sixty years of age.

Mr. Jackson, in his picture, retained the well known cap, which the poet was accustomed to wear in the morning, when at work, either in parlor or garden. When in consultation with Dean Stanley as to the portrait to be chosen for the stained glass memorial window in Westminster Abbey (the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia), the Dean said: "We must have the cap at all events, for every one knows him in that better than in the wig." It is a curious head-dress, but it was comfortable, not unbecoming, and it was not the poet's own choosing; it was the gift of his cousin, Lady Hasketh. The fact is immortalized in the lines entitled "Gratitude:"

"The cap that so stately appears, with ribbon-bound tassel on high,  
Which seems, by the crest that it rears, ambitious of brushing the sky;  
This cap to my cousin I owe—she gave it, and gave me beside,  
Wreathed in an elegant bow, the ribbon with which it is tied."

So we see that Cowper, along with his grateful feeling for the comfortable head-dress, was quite aware of the odd appearance of what he thus humorously describes. Romney and Lawrence both painted him in this cap, and Jackson very wisely adopted it in the posthumous portrait.

A Christian hymn book with the name of Christ wholly omitted would seem a strange production, if not an impossible one. But Bishop Colenso of Natal in 1866 published such a book; it does not contain the name of Jesus or Christ from one end to the other. When challenged on the subject, the Bishop replied, no doubt in perfect good faith, that this was quite unintentional on his part. He had rejected hymn after hymn which contained prayers to Christ, which he objected to on Scriptural and apostolic grounds. And yet, as the British Weekly points out, Dr. Colenso used the English liturgy, which is full of prayers to Christ: "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace," "Christ have mercy upon us," "God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us miserable sinners." Ah well, the good Bishop—he was a good man—has passed beyond the veil, and knows now whether there is a "God the Son, Redeemer of the world," or not.

## THE HOMILETIC YEAR—JANUARY.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

### THE USE OF ANECDOTE IN PREACHING.

An anonymous writer in one of our religious weeklies says some true words about the use of anecdote, or incident, in preaching. We are sure that the editor of *Current Anecdotes* deserves the thanks of thousands of ministers all over this land and other lands for his remarkable success in popularizing the use of anecdotes and in placing such abundance of high class illustrative material within easy reach of his subscribers. The article referred to is worthy of being quoted here entire.

"The Rev. Dr. Parker, London's, if not the world's, greatest preacher, says that the anecdote is the secret of pulpit popularity. (We join with the whole world in sorrowing on account of his death, which occurred on November 28th.) Although he himself preaches on other lines, still we are inclined to believe him. In listening to our most popular preachers we have noticed that anecdotes constitute a large part of the sermon. Possibly we should use the term incident as one more befitting the dignity of a religious discourse. Mr. Moody, it will be remembered, used to relate anecdotes by the hour. Dr. Talmage did the same thing, and so do McNeil, Campbell and Meyer. These men respond to the word popular. Crowds and congregations to them meant and mean the same thing. There is a marked absence of theological discussion, such as one finds in the sermons of the Breckenridges or the Alexanders, but the world listens. We have frequently asked some enthusiastic hearer what the great preacher said, and almost invariably he would relate a series of anecdotes. This kind of preaching may be shallow, and it may not. The parables of our Lord bear a strong resemblance to it. Jesus related His incidents as parables, in which respects He differed materially from the modern custom. Too often one hears an old story, given location and personality just to increase the interest. We heard one but the other day. It occurred in New York as related, while in fact it was first published as having happened in Scotland fifty years ago. But the audience wept just as if it had occurred when and where stated.

"To relate an incident well is in itself a talent. Two may relate the same thing, in the one instance it is gold, and in the other lead. The Gospel raconteur is a fortunate man. He has a gift above rubies. We recall a sermon preached to three thousand people on the subject of 'broken links.' The preacher had visited a car shop, and saw a pile of discarded links which suggested the theme. He spoke briefly of the stress and strain; of the wrecks and collisions that come to almost every life. The conclusion applied to home, and the pathos that followed the breaking of the domestic link. The thought was accentuated by

reading an entire poem, the well-known farm ballad, 'Betsey and I Are Out.' This and nothing more. Some might consider this not preaching at all, but three thousand people went away thinking that it was. The force lay in the way it was told. No ordinary man could have done it. An instance well told, providing it illustrates a truth, is sure to create an interest. This is something that our seminaries do not teach for the simple reason it transcends teaching. If one has the gift he ought to use it, but within the limits of truth. The temptation is to give shape and color in harmony with some desired effect. The parables of the New Testament are natural. They require no embellishment. Not so with many a modern illustration. They are too extravagant for credence. Still the talent is a rare one. Few have it, and those who do not must be content to follow the old stereotyped methods and thank God for the privilege."

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### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

From very ancient times the first day of the year has been observed as a holy festival. Among the Jews we find directions for its proper observance in passages of the Old Testament Scriptures, like Numbers 29:1, 2. It was called the Feast of Trumpets, and is to this day carefully observed by pious Hebrews.

There can be no doubt that much moral thoughtfulness prevails among all classes of people at the closing of the old year and opening of the new. It is right that it should be so. It is right also that ministers and other Christian workers should take advantage of the time to press home upon the hearts of men the lessons of the season.

### SUGGESTIVE TEXTS AND THEMES.

The Day of Reckoning: "The books were opened." Rev. 22:12. Retrospect and Prospect: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," etc. Phil. 3:13, 14. Time Reckoned: "How old art thou?" Gen. 47:8. Christ the Fit Ruler of Destiny: "They sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof." Rev. 5:9. The Division of Time: "The days of our years are three score years and ten." Ps. 90:10. The Untravelled Districts of Life: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The End of the Year: "Then shall the end come." Matt. 24:16. The Uncertainty of the Future: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." James 4:14. The Change of the Year Calls for a Moral Change: "The time is fulfilled . . . repent." Mark 1:15. Shattered Resolutions: "I will arise and go to my father." Luke 15:18. God Alone Unchanging: "Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no



end." Ps. 102:27. Time and Its Meaning: "A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment." Eccl. 8:5. Another Year, Another Opportunity: "Let it alone this year also." Luke 18:8. Discounting the Future: "Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink, and tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." Isa. 56:12.

### THEMES AND OUTLINES.

**The Art of Letting Go:** "Forgetting those things which are behind." Phil. 3:13.

We held on to a great many things last year which we should have let go—shaken off entirely. In the first place, we should expel from our minds completely the things which cannot be helped—our past misfortunes, the trivial occurrences which have mortified or humiliated us. Thinking of them not only does no good, but it robs us of peace and comfort. The art of forgetting useless things is a great one and we should learn it at any cost.

It is just as important to learn to let go as to hold on. Anything that cannot help us to get on and up in the world; anything that is a drag, a stumbling block or a hindrance, should be expunged from our memory. Many people seem to take a positive pleasure in recalling past misfortunes, sufferings and failures. They dwell upon such experiences and repaint the dark pictures until the mind becomes melancholy and sad. If they would only learn to drive them out and banish their attempts to return, as they would banish a thief from the house, those painful thoughts would cease to demand entrance. We want all we can get of sunshine, encouragement and inspiration. Life is too short to dwell upon things which only hinder our growth. If we keep the mind filled with bright, hopeful pictures and wholesome thoughts—the things only which can help us on and up in the world—we shall make infinitely greater progress than by burying ourselves in glowing retrospection.

One of the first lessons in life is to learn to be absolutely master of one's mind, to clear it of its enemies, and to keep it clear. A well trained mind will never harbor thoughts inimical to success or happiness. You have the ability to choose your mind's company; you can call up at will any guest you please. Then why not choose the noblest and best?—Author Unknown.

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**The Untravelled Districts of Life:** "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Isa. 26:3.

The New Year opens out with uncertainty. The events of the year are known alone to the Omniscient God. The child of God realizes this. Hence we must cultivate: (1) The habit of trust. (2) The habit of faithfulness. (3) The habit of dependence.

The result of this will be: (1) A sense of duty. (2) A disciplined life. (3) A new

view of things regarding the untravelled districts of life.—Author Unknown.

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**New Reason for Praising God:** "Sing unto the Lord a new song." Ps. 96:1.

New praises for the New Year.

I. The old gifts of God have not been adequately praised. (1) His greatness and power. (2) His salvation. (3) Christ's fitness to arrange our destiny.

II. He has given new gifts that call for thanksgiving. (1) The mercies of the year. (2) The continued blessings of His presence. He "taketh pleasure in His people." (3) He extends His blessings into new fields.—Author Unknown.

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**Mercies and Songs, A New Year's Meditation:** "I will sing of mercy and judgment." Ps. 101:1.

Song is the natural expression of a noble emotion of grief or joy.

I. God's mercies. (1) They are so full that sorrow seems an impertinence. (2) They put to shame our past fretting. (3) He, who alone could do it, extends His mercy over sin. (4) He puts forth mercy with fullness in proportion to sinful need. (5) Mercy is not unmindful of judgment, wakes deep sorrow for sin, but in penitence brings blessings.

II. Our songs. (1) We look away from our discontent toward God's grace. (2) We look at our advantage over those who know not God's mercy. (3) We recognize God's good purpose even in trials, and can give "songs in the night." (4) Those whose triumph over great tribulation sing the sweetest song.—From a sermon by Rev. James Black.

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**Looking Forward to the New Year:** "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Ps. 91:9-11.

What the last Sabbath of the old year was, a period, has sprung up into an interrogation point. What of the future?

1. It is a pathway ready for our feet. God carves a path for the river; much more for a man. We may break away from the path, but it is there.

2. Life is a failure apart from the divine path. God's intent touches all your purposes, and every thought not fitted into His is worthless. Even His forgiveness does not retrieve the loss of willfulness.

3. How find the line of God's purpose? (a) Life is so intricate that it needs a chart—the Bible. (b) Each step well taken prepares us to see the next. (c) If we desire to do His will, He will show us the way. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

4. To take God's will for ours is the consummation and acme of destiny; not the destruction of our will, but harmony with God's, so that both sound but one note.

5. The church labors to bring us to this.

We enter the Kingdom of Heaven upon our knees. So shall we rightly enter the New Year.—From a sermon by C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

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**The New Year:** "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Eph. 5: 16.

1. "The days are evil." The outcome may be bad or good.

2. The value of time as relating to this life.

3. The value of time as relating to all the future.—Author Unknown.

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**Shattered Resolutions:** "I will arise and go to my Father." Luke 15: 18.

1. It is well to make good resolutions at this time.

2. We should be very careful in making our resolutions.

3. We should hold tenaciously to our determination no matter what it costs.

4. How to be able to keep our resolutions.

5. The best resolution for an unconverted person to make.—Author Unknown.

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**The Old Forgotten in the New:** "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Isa. 65: 17.

Sometimes in careless enjoyment of the present we neglect the wholesome and instructive lesson of past trials, and for this we are to blame. But sometimes a new time comes with so great uplift and enlargement that the past loses its importance or sinks out of thought. This latter is the thought of this scripture.

1. The new present may well eclipse the past when it includes the highest as well as the most practical interests suggested by the "new heavens and new earth."

2. The new present may claim our intensest interest when we see God's hand manifestly in it. "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth."

3. The new time claims us altogether when we see in it our redemption from former sorrows and sins.

Our present New Year may include all these elements of authoritative attraction.—Author Unknown.

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**The Old Year and the New:** "That which has been is now, and that which is to be hath been." Eccl. 3: 15.

1. The stability of nature is matter of experience. It must be so, because God governs by law and adheres to His chosen order. So we know, that seedtime and harvest will be in the next year—just as in past years.

2. We also know that Providence is to be as it has been; that the year to come will have light in it and dark in it for us and our fellows.

3. God has kept His promises in the past; He will keep them in the future. Last year He saved His church from the assaults of infidels; He will do even the same in this year.

4. Look back, then, over the past year and recall the mercies of God in harvest, in domestic joy, in personal health, in spiritual gifts. Forecast from last year the Divine goodness to be revealed in the next.

5. Look back at the afflictions and chastisements of last year; look at their meaning, that you may avoid the sin, that you may get the good of the sorrow that will come again.

6. Our experience of last year should enable us to avoid its errors. We have been too worldly. Let the solemn hours of suffering and penitence, as they come back to memory, warn us to be more spiritually-minded. The danger to the Christian Church is the worldly spirit that has crept into it. Cultivate, above all things, personal piety.—R. M. Hatfield, D. D.

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**The End of the Year:** "Then shall the end come." Matt. 24: 16.

The last day of the year suggests:

1. The great last day.

2. Every day is the last day for something.

Each day's responsibility settled for itself. The works that are begun and ended between a morning and evening.

Any day may end our larger projects. Count up our intermitted works that may never be resumed.—Author Unknown.

## New Year Illustrations.

**New Year Chimes:** The bells of Westminster Abbey chime hourly a sweet, simple melody. The words allied to the tune are these:

All through this hour,  
Lord be my guide,  
And through Thy power  
No foot shall slide.

All through this year, Lord, by my guide.

\* \* \*

**A Beautiful Custom:** It was a beautiful custom of an English king to head every letter and every new page of his journal with the words, "In nomine Jesu, Amen!" Write this in holy faith and consecrated purpose at the top of the year-page you are turning.

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**The Old and New Year:** The year that came to us twelve months ago, all fresh and young, is old and weary. A new year will come to crowd him from his place. On such a day it is not mere habit, it is a natural and healthy instinct, which makes us stand between the New Year and the Old, between the living and the dead, and listen to them as they speak to one another. The Old Year says to the New Year: "Take this man and show him greater things than I have been able to show him. You must be for him a fuller, richer day of the Lord than I could be." The New Year says to the Old: "I will take him and do for him the best that I can do. But all that I can do for him will be possible only in virtue of the preparation which you have made,



only because of what you have done for him already."—Phillips Brooks.

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**The Importance of Time:** Many people live as though they were to live forever, or had so many lives on earth that they could afford to throw one away. But that we have only one life here, and, therefore, every moment is of critical importance, Bonar, the great hymn-writer, has beautifully expressed:

Not many lives, but only one, have we,  
One, only one;  
How sacred should that one life ever be,  
That narrow span.  
Day after day filled up, with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

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**Causes of Unhappiness:** General Ralli, a lively old Greek, who at the age of ninety-seven years was in active service in the commissariat department, a well-known man about town in Athens, a skilled horseman, an inveterate dancer, recently shot himself, leaving a note with the words: "My God, I have sinned, sinned, sinned. I am tired of life." Sin and discouragement go together. The devil takes cheerfulness out of the life of those who yield to his seductions.

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**Making the Most of One's Opportunity:** A negro in a jail in Kentucky, who was of a musical turn of mind, missed his favorite banjo, and set about, in his spare moments, an attempt to make something to play on. He took the tin pan in which his daily meal was brought and made the head of the banjo. A rough piece of poplar, smoothed with an old broken-bladed Barlow knife, was made into the neck and screws. He took twelve cents, all the money he had, and by the aid of the jailer bought five strings, and his odd-looking banjo, under his skillful touch, was ready to make the sweetest music. The homely little story has its message. Many of us let go to waste opportunities for enjoyment and blessing enough to fill a dozen hearts with gladness. If we set to work to find the bright side we shall be astonished to see how bright it is.

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**The Passing of Time:** In Switzerland they have commenced making phonographic clocks and watches which surpass anything heretofore attempted. By merely pressing the button of the new timepiece it pronounces the hour distinctly. The alarm calls to the sleeper: "It's 6 o'clock; get up!" There are some which even add the words: "Now, don't go to sleep again." The form can be changed to suit the buyer and make the warning more or less emphatic. And yet it is doubtful whether such an ingenious clock would be more than a temporary help in arousing a sluggish man. If we do not properly estimate the value of time, and have no abiding monitor within us to which we give heed, the outward

alarm will be of little avail. People who are waiting for some strange cry from heaven to call them to repentance will also wait in vain. They have their own consciences, and they have God's word; and if they will not hear these, they would not hear a messenger from the skies. Father Abraham said to Dives, in the Gospel story, when urged to send somebody to warn his brethren: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

For two pages of excellent New Year illustrations see *Current Anecdotes*, Vol. 3, pages 147 and 148, and pages 153-4 of December number, Vol. 4.

## Winter.

Each season has its lessons, and Winter not less than others. In January will be a good time to give emphasis to some timely truths the Winter season may serve to suggest.

### TEXTS AND THEMES.

**Winter Voyages:** "Do thy diligence to come before winter." II Tim. 4: 21.

Paul is writing from Rome to Timothy, appealing to him to make the journey to Rome before winter. Paul's winter voyage was a hard one. There is an analogy between the seasons of our calendar year and the different stages of human life. Thorwaldsen, in marble, and our artist, Cole, on the canvas, have portrayed infancy as spring, manhood as summer, full-ripened maturity as autumn, and decrepit and decaying age as winter. Winter is significant of a certain period of human life, and a voyage on the sea, of the course and character of our earthly career. I wish to speak:

I. Of the voyage to the Eternal City. The voice of the Spirit is, Do thy diligence to come. (1) The departure. (2) The voyage. (3) The guidance of the helmsman. (4) May I go further in this illustration of our text, and say, the propulsion of all progress must come from the winds of heaven. (5) Industry on board the ship. (6) The shipping of the anchor. (7) The end of the journey. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly," etc. The original word is, "So an entrance under full sail shall be ministered unto you."

II. The avoidance of winter risks. "Come before winter." Put not off to old age, etc.

III. I close all I have to say by an appeal to the adventure of diligence. "Do thy diligence."

"Make haste! there is no time to lose." The decision must be made. "The road Bye-and-Bye leads to the town of Never." I appeal to men of middle life, etc. I cry to young men, etc.

The cell of your bondage closes upon you. I open the door and cry, Escape! escape for thy life! Who, who, will ans-

wer gratefully the Master's call, and "Come before the winter?"—Author Unknown.

**The Treasures of the Snow:** "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" Job 38: 22.

It is helpful to us in this world of change and decay, to remember that the Being who addressed these words to the patriarch Job thousands of years ago, is the same who sends the snowflakes today. The scenes among which we moved in childhood are changed, the friends of our earlier years are gone; we, too, have changed, but the God who inspired the text is "the same yesterday, today and forever." Not in audible voice, but in the silent whispers of the falling snowflake He is saying to you and me: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

I. The ermine shroud that now rests upon the cold brow of mother Earth is God's free gift to man. Man might, by artificial means within his reach, produce a fair imitation of a snowflake, but it would only be an imitation; so he may produce an imitation of true religion, but sovereign grace must come from God.

II. This free gift comes from God to man through natural agency. All of God's spiritual gifts come to us in the same way. For example, take the Bible. Or, take the incarnation of the Son of God. He might have come to our earth riding upon the chariot of the sun, clad in royal splendor; but no, by the most natural birth He came. And as any other child He grew to manhood a most natural man, and yet very God. It is even so in the operation of Divine grace upon the soul. God enters the door of the heart by the door of natural agency, and in accord with the natural constitution of your being.

III. The snow that lies upon the earth today, covers everything with a purity and beauty, not of earth. As the pure snow from heaven covers the filthy street and putrid swamp, so Divine grace will cleanse and purify the foul and putrid centers of moral evil in the world. A thousand reforms may be inaugurated for the reforming and regenerating of humanity, but without Divine grace they can only fail. Christ is the world's Purifier, Savior, Redeemer. The Gospel is the great refining agency that is ultimately to rid the world of sin and sorrow. I John 3:8. Not only shall He purify society, but the individual life.

The beautiful gardens and well-kept lawns are also buried beneath the snow. The beautiful moral qualities that you have been cultivating so long and carefully, and of which you are so proud, that you are fond of holding them up in contrast with real Christian character, must be buried under the grace of God, or you cannot be saved.

IV. The snow hides from our weeping eyes the new-made graves of our loved ones, and for the time we forget our sorrow in thinking of the snow. So you may bury that sorrow under the covering of God's love.—Author Unknown.

**God's Gift of Snow:** "He giveth snow like wool." Ps. 147: 16.

I am watching from my window the first snowfall of the season. The large white flakes are dropping thickly, yet softly, upon the earth. They remind me of the falling of the apple blossoms in Maytime, after doing their work of shielding the embryo fruit for the necessary period. Strange how quickly everything in nature goes to decay after its work is done. The snowflakes are growing larger and falling faster. Already there is a soft white covering upon the land. Yesterday it was bare and brown. Yesterday the rock waste, the rough mountain side and scarred meadow, revealed their unloveliness, without a touch of green to brighten up the sombre picture.

But the snow is hiding, with its feathery touch, the deformity of nature. It falls as gently upon the marsh as upon the smooth lawn. It hides very tenderly the rough pitfall, and leaves its white robes upon the stagnant pool. It drifts tenderly down upon the new made grave upon the cemetery where is hidden the pale, sweet face that we loved.

As I watch the falling, drifting snow, I am reminded of the great charity that covers so many human imperfections with its robe of purity. Like the winter's snow it hides the deep scars of humanity's sins as quickly as it does little ones. Without its great loving spirit this world would present a darker picture than the brown earth in dim November days ere the spotless snow has fallen upon it.

Again I think the pure snow is like the tranquil sleep of the night time that holds our tired eyelids down and keeps our bodily powers quiet and submissive, until they are refreshed and strengthened for another day's work. Surely, the faithful earth must be wearied after doing its grand work of bearing its precious food for a hungry world and then yielding it up so quickly into the keeping of human hands. No wonder that its beauty flees and its warm heart grows weary as the sun drops southward and refuses to send down its floods of sunlight. No wonder that it shivers in the rude autumn breeze.

So the snow holds the tired earth dormant and quiet, until the sweet springtime shall come with all its beauty as nature thrills with glad new life again. Then it will submit to another power that brings a robe of green and gay sweet flowers to adorn an awakened earth. Thus one element in nature yields to another, all in perfect harmony with God's will and laws. Surely, we may learn profitable lessons everywhere in great nature's domain, whether in the falling snow, the patter of the rain or the rushing tempest.—M. A. Holt.

## Missions.

Many churches make much of Missions during the month of January. On Epiphany Sunday in Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal and other churches the



sermons are likely to be on missions and liberal offerings taken for the cause. It is a good time in the year to emphasize world-wide work in all our churches. The large mid-winter congregations also insure large offerings for the spread of Christ's kingdom.

### THEMES AND OUTLINES.

**Paul the Missionary; the Secrets of His Success.** 2 Tim. 4:1-8.

I. Secret the First: A clear call. On the Damascus road Jesus called "Saul, Saul." Missionaries who succeed are Christ called men and women. Back of the board who sends, and back of the church that sets apart, is the Lord of the Harvest calling forth laborers into His harvest. God's great missionaries have always heard the call of God. Paul heard it and answered, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Be a missionary," was the answer of Jesus, and a missionary's life work was the response of Paul.

II. Secret the Second: A definite life work. "This one thing I do," was Paul's straight line of conduct. "To preach the Gospel to the regions beyond" was his lofty ambition. This sent him on those missionary tours that widened the bounds of the Kingdom of God in his generation. He made Christianity a world-conquering force by his indomitable purpose. "That I might have fruit among the Gentiles" was the burden of his prayer. Asia Minor, Greece, Rome, were brought within his parish, and far away Hispania was the dream of his world-conquering passion. Ultima Thule was the only bound to Paul's commission to "preach the word." The successful missionaries are the enthusiasts. Like Caleb of old they possess the lands by faith, before they conquer them by works.

III. Secret the Third: Hard and constant effort. The charge to Timothy bristles with the business of a missionary: "Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." Short sentences are they, but tremendous results follow their practice. Successful missionaries are hard workers. Paul's biography has no "soft places," "easy berths." Hard campaigning soldiers would call that life story of this noblest of missionaries. He won his churches by hard fighting, and had to win them back again by long suffering entreaty. It was a tired wornout body that found but scant warmth in the garments that he pulled about him in his prison cell. But what of that? He had finished a life of hard work for his Master. His was a success unparalleled.

IV. Secret the Last: Always confident of success. The great missionaries are optimists. Paul was. "Being confident, we endeavor," is his watchword in every epistle. The winning side was Paul's side and he lived on that side. Labor toward an end is always full of cheer. Paul saw the end which Jesus had promised, and he kept it in sight in all his labors. His con-

fidence was courage and cheer to him in his darker hours. Even in Rome's prison he is full of confidence as he hands his work to his successor and says, "Go on to victory."—Rev. I. W. Gower.

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**The World for Christ:** "Isaiah 45:12-23.

To be without the foreign missionary spirit is to be devoid of the spirit of Christ. Again and again in the Bible we find those who possessed this characteristic. Abraham leaving Ur of the Chaldees, Moses turning away from all that was dear to him, are two prominent illustrations in the Old Testament Scriptures of those who were not bound simply to the circle of their own homes, but who felt an obligation first to follow the leadings of God and second to go to the very ends of the earth if only His will might be done. Paul, in the New Testament, was homeless and friendless in order that he might preach Christ and Him crucified to the heathen, and this is a rebuke to those who say we must be interested in our own Church first and let the heathen take care of themselves, for if this had been the spirit of Paul and of his Master we today would have been sitting in darkness and of all men would have been most miserable. There are several thoughts which should possess us in the line of this study.

I. It is not so much a question as to whether the heathen shall be saved without the Gospel. God's word speaks plainly concerning that, but, as Mr. Spurgeon has said, it is a question as to whether we shall be saved. If we refuse to give the Gospel to them our refusal is but an evidence of the fact that we are devoid of the spirit of Christ, who forgot Himself in His desire to seek others.

II. We ought to remember that all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and if we have the remedy for sin, as we know we have, for we have verified it in our own experiences, then how in the world can we refrain from giving news of this remedy to those who are afar off?

III. The 22d verse of the Scripture lesson is an encouragement. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God and there is none else." There is no one too far away to be saved, no one too deep down in sin, no one too hopeless and helpless. The missionary history of the church has been made luminous by the conversion of those who were absolute that the church is the body of Christ.

IV. Since it is true as the Scripture declares that the church is the body of Christ, then may it not be true that a portion of that body is to be found in Africa, China, Japan, or the islands of the sea? No one can possibly imagine the Lord returning until His body is completed. Therefore to refuse to be a foreign missionary in spirit at least is to hinder the Lord's return and to be disloyal to His earnest command. A missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ, and if we have not the Spirit we are none of his.  
—J. W. Chapman, D. D.

**Service the Compulsion of Life:** "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 15.

The last argument on behalf of Christian service generally, and foreign missions in particular, has not yet been advanced. All that has yet held good as the motive for the prosecution of our Lord's commission still holds, and will continue to hold good. But the acquisition of fresh knowledge supplies other imperative reasons why the Divine command to evangelize the world is so necessary. Thus the modern scientific insistence upon the tendency of all things toward unity—an old truth, by the way, in a new dress—has a great bearing upon missions, both home and foreign. Those Christians who refuse their aid in the work of direct evangelization, whether at home or abroad, are not only abstaining from good, but are really hinderers of the good, in that they retard the work of unity. For is not the Saviour's work one of uniting all in Himself by the work of His redemption? If a man has no sympathy with this work it is because he himself is not in the line of Christ's movement. Christian service is not an arbitrary test of a man's goodness; it is vital and fundamental. That life which professes sympathy with Jesus Christ, and yet fails to move in the same direction with Him, is radically defective, if it be not a self-delusion. True service is the compulsion of life; without it, life is either absent or hibernating.—Author Unknown.

\* \* \*

See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, Barton, page 109, An Inquiry as to Obligations, Rom. 10: 12-15; sermon by Wm. Carey. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, page 204, Chief End of the Christian Church, Ps. 67: 1, 2; sermon by Alexander Duff. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, page 570, Gethsemane the Rose Garden of God, Heb. 9: 22; sermon by W. Robertson Nichol. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, page 662, Money; sermon by A. F. Schaffner, D. D. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, page 60, Non-Christian Religions; sermon by D. J. Burrell, D. D. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, page 714, Permanent Motive in Missionary Work; address by R. S. Storrs, D. D. See Pulpit Power and Eloquence, Barton, page 46, Star in the East, Matt. 2: 2; sermon by Claudius Buchanan, D. D.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

**Transformed:** When Bishop Thoburn went to India, thirty-eight years ago, a European gentleman pointed out to him a brick pillar, and said, "You might as well try to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of one of these people." Today there are in India nearly three million native Christians, and among them are doctors, lawyers, judges, editors, teachers, and business men.

\* \* \*

**Growing:** There is a famous Arabian story of a prince who took from a walnut shell a tiny tent, which grew until it cov-

ered himself, and then grew until it covered his palace, and then his army, and then his whole kingdom. That is the way with the purpose of Christ's religion as we think about it. It extends till it covers first our own soul, then our home, then our village, our country, and the whole needy world.

\* \* \*

**Let Us Help:** Sometimes we talk as if we had to conquer the world for Christ, and if Christ would only help us enough, we might expect to accomplish our task. As a matter of fact, it is Christ who is going to conquer the world, and He lets us help Him. Alas for us, if we will not seize the opportunity of helping Him!

\* \* \*

**Are Missions Worth While?** The American Board put \$1,000,000 in the Pacific Islands. But an average dividend of 60 per cent. per annum in commercial profits has been paid on that investment. Statisticians say that every missionary sent to those islands has created an annual trade averaging \$50,000. And Hawaii alone, whose civilization is peculiarly the result of missionary enterprise, has sent back to the United States in trade more money than has been sent by all our American churches in their world-wide missionary work. In 1900 alone she sent us over \$20,000,000 worth of her stuffs.—Rev. T. Calvin McClelland.

\* \* \*

**The Greatest Enterprise:** The missionary enterprise is the greatest of modern times. The vast disbursements of the missionary boards show that it is beginning to take hold of the brain and heart of the church. The investments of Christians in the Master's enterprise, however, do not yet show the faith and enthusiasm which, when they come, will compel victory. Kipling's "Take Up the White Man's Burden" is the marching song of Britain's civil service; "Take Up the Master's Burden" must become the processional of the church. Only through the heroic fellowship of His sufferings shall we find our way to victory.

What glorious things it will mean for the world, when, as soft-treading night glides around the earth, she shall everywhere hear the childhood of the world saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and its companion prayer, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild"—W. W. Andrews.

\* \* \*

**Sent:** Mark Guy Pease says that the crest for the Lord's worker is "an arrow, polished and feathered, content to lie in the quiver until the Master uses it; lying on the string for His unerring fingers to send it forth; then going, strong, swift, sure, smiting through the heart of the King's enemies; and with this for the motto: 'I fly where I am sent.'"

\* \* \*

**"For My Father."** A beautiful story is told of the casting of a great bell in Peking. It is the bell on which midnight is sounded, and it was cast a century and a



half ago. Two attempts at casting were made, and ended in failure; whereat the emperor sent for Kuan-Yin, the official in charge of the task, and told him he would be killed if he failed again.

Ko-ai, the beautiful daughter of the imperilled man, heard of his danger, and consulted an astrologer, who told her that unless a virgin's blood were mingled with the metal, the third casting also would fail. She obtained permission to be present when the attempt was made; and just as the white-hot metal was rushing from the furnace into the great mold, the devoted girl sprang forward with the cry, "For my father," leaped into the fiery stream, added her life-blood to its composition, and won her father's success and safety.

That is a legend, but we know a still more lovely and heroic truth.

The great bell of humanity was out of tune. It swung gloomily and sadly, and its music was all harsh, grating, discordant. Then our Saviour threw Himself from the heights of heaven, with the cry, "For my Father! For my Father!" His life-blood entered into the world's alloy, and, ever since, the vast bell has been growing sweeter in its tone, and more attuned to the heavenly music.

That splendid process of self-sacrifice must go on, till no note of harshness, no discord of sin or selfishness, remains. This process we call missions. As Christ was sent into the world, even so He sends us into the world. Let us lay aside the fears that so easily beset us. Let us cry, "For my Father!" And let us plunge into the midst of the world's woes, giving our ransomed lives for the helping of others.—A. R. Wells.

\* \* \*

**Brotherhood:** If I had to put the meaning of Christianity into a single word, the best I could do would be "Brotherhood." The Elder Brother came down from heaven, and we our earthly brother's keeper. And that one word, "brotherhood," defines missions also. How wide is your conscious brotherhood?

\* \* \*

**For Our King:** When Sir Walter Raleigh spread his beautiful new cloak over the mud that Queen Elizabeth might walk dry-shod, he had shrewdness enough to know that nothing is lost that is given to royalty. Indeed, in a very true sense, it is impossible really to deny one's self for our King, His returns are so swift and so vastly in excess of what we give. But it is the heart of self-sacrifice that He wants.—Russell Sewall.

\* \* \*

**Opportunity is Responsibility:** Bishop Doane has pictured the many, many open doors of opportunity all over the world, begging the Christian church to come in and do God's work for the dark nations. But there are two sides to every door. On one side of these doors is written "Opportunity"; on the other side is written, "Responsibility."

**Native Christians:** An Englishman, who was in business on the west coast of Africa, returned home on a visit, and talked much against the missionaries. He was in the habit of referring to the native Christians as "good heathen, spoiled." But, on inquiry, it was found that he had left his business in Africa in the hands of a native Christian, so as to be sure of not being cheated in his absence.

### Can a Man Be Good When He Does Not Feel Like It?

AUGUSTUS NASH.

I. If you had to give an offhand reply to this question, what would be your answer?

II. Would there be any virtue anyway in a man doing good when he did not feel like it?

III. Was it intended that man should be directed and controlled by his sensibilities or feelings in his moral or religious duties?

IV. What is it in man which determines every act of his life?

V. What are the divinely given faculties by which the will is to be controlled?

VI. Are the feelings of man always dependent upon some cause?

VII. Is there any merit or religious virtue in how a man feels?

VIII. Do you think that practically the conduct of most men is determined by their feelings?

IX. Are a man's feelings under the control of his will?

X. Is there any sense in which it may be said a man is responsible for his feelings?

XI. Should a man ever hesitate to do what he believed to be right because he does not feel the disposition to do so at the time?

XII. Is it reasonable to postpone the performance of duty with the expectation of feeling more deeply upon the subject later?

XIII. Does a man take a rational position when he says he cannot become a Christian because he does not feel like it?

XIV. Do we ever excuse the failures of men to do their duty in the ordinary affairs of life because they declare they do not feel like it?

XV. Do you think that to the mind of the average man, religion consists largely in certain states and feelings?

XVI. Has a man the power to act in religious matters when he has absolutely no feeling on the subject?

XVII. Is it correct for a man to say he feels he is a Christian or that his sins are forgiven?

XVIII. Is there any reason why a man should seek to develop a disposition or feeling to do good?

XIX. What is the real value of the sensibilities or feelings in the matter of religion?

Every preacher needs our 104-page Vest Pocket Diary and Calendar, 4 lines per day. Contains Sunday School lesson reference, Y. P. M. topics, etc. Sent for 25c. or as a premium for sending us one new subscriber, \$1.50 per year.

## METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

BX ELLISON R. COOK.

## TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIVAL METHODS.

A recent writer has said truly:

"The Church is always weak where her members do not constitute a real working force. The trouble with twentieth century religion is not so much lack of faith, as lack of practice. Faith is by no means departed, and it may easily be diverted into extreme channels, if only it be associated with doing something—as witness Eddyism and Dowieism. The great mass of mankind today believe the Christian gospel; but they do not practice it. The man who never enters a church door nor thinks of religion, believes, if pressed to express himself, that God is above him and holds him accountable, that He 'spoke by the prophets' and sent His Son to earth. But yet he wholly ignores any practical application of the fact, and lives on in total neglect of any responsibility thus created."

Special evangelistic services, or revival meetings for which preparation is now being made by many pastors, offer the church opportunity for getting the members of the church to work, while extraordinary efforts are made to reach men and women of the class mentioned above.

We protest against the now oft repeated statement that "the day of revivals is past." We believe that Christ's gospel is as much "the power of God unto salvation" today as it was on the day of Pentecost, but it is a fact that there are what St. Paul calls "diversities of operations," and there are other forms of heat energy in Christian experience than the peculiar manifestations during what is now known as the "old fashioned revival." It is altogether possible that the particular form of Christian energy which manifested itself in "shouting" and the like may give place to other forms of expression. "Transmutation from one form to another is one condition of the conservation of energy." There is no denying the fact that there has been a marked cessation of the peculiar manifestations to which we have referred in revival meetings, but we are not on that account to conclude that the Gospel has lost its power. It is our deliberate conviction that the insistence on old forms of expression, or methods of operation, is a mistake. To assert that the church is dead, and that Christianity has lost the "old time power," because people do not fall as dead men, or penitents do not cry aloud for mercy, or those converted do not "come through" shouting, is a most harmful error.

The following timely statements of Rev. Edward A. George, of Willimantic, Conn., are in point:

"In the days of the revival, testimony to thrilling experience was spontaneous and inspiring. Persons converted after the fashion of Saul of Tarsus have much to talk about. Others whose awakening to spiritual realities is more gradual and less thrill-

ing have less to tell. It is a mistake to expect to hear as much from them. With the new emphasis on Christian nurture, the gradual training of the young up into a Christian experience, this very thing should be expected, the decline of enthusiastic testimony. With our method of Christian influence changed, we should not expect the method of expression to remain the same.

"The decline of testimony has at least one encouraging side. The disposition to lay bare the inner life in a public meeting is no longer the distinguishing mark of church membership, and many who have been excluded by the idea that this disposition was the one essential may come to feel that church membership is for them also. When testifying was prominent, the unemotional and reticent and practical, too often felt themselves disqualified for church membership by their very spiritual constitution. With this feature of Christian experience less prominent, such will feel themselves less disqualified. Many such, indeed, are taking their places in the church, to their own and to the church's great benefit, who a generation ago would have felt themselves excluded."

Every pastor who reads these lines will appreciate the force of these statements in remembering his experiences with the brother (perchance a "leading sister")—sometimes there is more than one of him—who wants it understood that he stands for the "old-time religion," and who, in season and out of season, will insist that "things are not like they used to be," people may be converted and brought into the church, but the spiritual (?) brother will tell you that the conversions these days are spurious, that what he longs to see is the "old fashioned, sky-blue conversions." He will occupy much of your time in your experience and testimony meetings, if given half a chance, in telling how the pulpit has lost its power, and that preaching is not attended with the out-pouring of the spirit as it was when he was a boy. What preacher has not encountered in his work these characters? And, let us say, their influence is not to be despised. As unconscious obstructionists they are a force which has to be reckoned with in planning for any aggressive evangelistic movement in these early years of the twentieth century.

Conservatives have their uses, and radicals and enthusiasts may need their ripe wisdom and the fruit of their experience. But when the conservative becomes an obstructionist he becomes also a past master in the art of discouraging others. It is just at this point that such an influence is so hurtful. Conceding the fact that the "good old brother" is a man of much experience in spiritual things, the young man thinks surely he must know, and decides, since he has had no such marvelous experience, that he has no religion, and gives up the matter entirely. Others accepting as true the oft



repeated statement that the Gospel has lost its power, themselves lose faith and interest in the movement.

It is poor business to chill the ardor of enthusiasm, to point out continually the lion in the way, to discount every forward movement that is live in spirit and modern in methods for no other reason than that it is not old.

How many men there are—good men, too, in their way—who discourage others by their manifest indifference to the earnest, aggressive pastor's up-to-date plans and twentieth century suggestions. Such apathy is as hurtful oftentimes in effect as downright opposition.

#### SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

(1) Give the conservative brother credit for sincerity. Accord to him all due deference, but move steadily forward with your plans. If it be possible, interest him along some line of congenial work. Above all, preach Christ as the great encourager of men. "Simon, Satan is after you, but I have prayed for you." "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Christ knew the forces of good which His Father controlled. Christ knew that life to the man, pure-hearted and humble-minded, always moves on to happy issues. Christ knew that a man who believes in God and hates sin and is determined to serve Him, cost what it will, can do wonders anywhere in the world, however high the wall that seems to impede his progress, and one step toward Christlikeness is to try and see life and men as He saw them. Then we shall quit forever the discouraging business.

The pastor needs above all to be a man, to have the courage of his convictions, and move steadily forward in his plans for aggressive work.

"When God sends us a man of large heart, generous impulses, courageous daring, unceasing effort, we must take him as he is, and be devoutly thankful for such a force. If we could cease to be critics of enthusiasts, and seek only to catch their spirit, it would be better for ourselves and the world." These sensible words are from the pen of the venerable Guinness Rogers, in a tribute of affection to Hugh Price Hughes, from whom he often differed both in opinion and in method, but whom he admired nevertheless and now mourns. The world is full of men who put on the brakes. Men who will pull at the collar are scarce, and Hugh Price Hughes was one of them.

The great need of the church today is for just such men. There were times in the life of this wonderful man when the conservatives of his church would have gladly driven him out of their church and ministry had they dared, for the simple reason that his methods were not hoary with age, and his plans were different from those in vogue a century before.

#### PRACTICAL PLANS FOR REVIVAL WORK.

Given the man, with the aggressive, go-

forward spirit, and he will find the methods, and yet it is our mission to render, if we may, practical help to such workers, by telling how other successful pastors have attained success.

The season most propitious for special revival services is, let us say, at hand. What you as a pastor need to do, above all things else, is to enlist soul-winners—to secure the co-operation of every member of your church possible in the great work proposed.

Last winter a pastor, whom the Lord graciously blessed in his special revival services, addressed a personal letter to all his members, setting forth briefly his plans, and urging earnestly co-operation.

The reverse side of card contained a promise or pledge of co-operation, with blank lines for signature.

In each letter was enclosed an envelope containing the printed address of the pastor and the request made of all who would consent to help in the work to sign the card and return at their earliest convenience.

When the cards were all in, he called a meeting of all who had thus enlisted, and arranged for several preparatory services.

On Monday night all men who were heads of families were asked to meet the pastor in the lecture room of the church for a season of prayer, after which a conference was held. The names of all fathers out of the church whose families attended were listed. These individuals were then prayed for by name, and it was then determined that some one or more of the men present would seek an opportunity to extend a special invitation to each one of them to attend the special services. The pastor also urged that some timely word be spoken when occasion offered.

Tuesday afternoon a mothers' meeting was held. That evening the young Christian workers were called in a somewhat similar conference, and lists made of the non-professing young men and women of the church and congregation. Whenever possible, individuals were assigned to the special care of workers specially fitted for reaching them.

Wednesday afternoon was given to the children who had volunteered to help, and there were a goodly number of them.

Wednesday night all the workers who had volunteered united in a prayer and consecration service, and Thursday evening the first evangelistic service of the series was held.

The effort was made to focalize and fix responsibility and then to individualize in soul-seeking.

Later on, as the meeting increased in interest and many had been induced to attend the revival services, special meetings were held for inquirers. Sometimes in the lecture room of the church, in the pastor's study, and in the homes of the people.

The methods thus briefly outlined resulted in a large ingathering of members and a marvelous quickening of the spiritual life of the church.

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

A paper furnishing illustrations and their "morals for religious public speakers.

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## The Cleveland Revival.

I am glad for an opportunity to tell the readers of *Current Anecdotes* of the work the Cleveland Epworth Leagues are undertaking this winter.

The founders of the League told us at the time of its inception, and have been continually telling us ever since, that the real object of the organization was to quicken the spiritual life of the young people of Methodism. Whether or not it has reached this "Helping others attain the highest New Testament experience and life" is not our province to say.

A revival campaign of great magnitude is to be conducted by the Epworth League of Cleveland, Ohio. It is to commence the coming New Year's eve and continue for eighteen consecutive weeks. Nine Methodist churches are to be chosen centers.

The Epworthians are asking the following questions in regard to the proposed campaign.

Question 1. Who is to be the Evangelist?

Hugh E. Smith of Los Angeles, Cal. He is well known to many of your readers. He is a Methodist, having seen the light of day first in a Methodist parsonage in Iowa. His father, Rev. W. T. Smith, D. D., is one of the most successful presiding elders in Methodism.

For sixteen consecutive years Hugh Smith has been in charge of the revival work of Long Beach, Cal., Camp Meeting Ass'n Dr. Geo. F. Bovard, presiding elder of the Los Angeles District, writes: "His last year was the best of all." Mr. Smith is a flaming evangel, working continuously for the cause of Christ in New York, San Francisco and in nearly all the states between these great cities. Thousands point to him as the one who led them to the Lamb of God. So much for the man.

Ques. 2. On what plan do you propose to conduct these meetings. Do you expect to have the unconverted who desire to lead a Christian life, sign a card, or hold up their

hand and be counted, or retire into an inquiry room, or will you adopt the old fashioned way of getting them to the mourners' bench?

These meetings will be conducted in such a way as to impress upon the mind of unbelievers the fact that they are sinners and as such are lost without Christ. Jesus Christ will be presented as the only Savior of mankind. All who desire a new life in Christ Jesus will be invited forward to the altar and instructed. We will have no "Card System" and no "Inquiry Room," but we will seek to get men and women down on their knees at the altar.

Ques. 3. After you have succeeded in getting sinners down at the altar on their knees will you then invite all Christians in the audience to come forward and instruct the seekers?

We will not commit that folly. A keen observation of revivals while in progress, as well as the after results has convinced us that the most important work to be done in a revival is at the altar with the seeker. With this in view we have provided a trained corps of workers whose "Grace, Gifts and Usefulness" we have tested in the thickest of the fight in former campaigns. These have been in training for several weeks and they know just what to do, just what to say and just the right time to do and say the right thing. We realize that there is much harm done by well meaning Christians who do not know how to instruct at the altar.

Ques. 4. What are you going to do about the singing? You realize, of course, that the singing is a very important part of the meeting.

Yes indeed we do realize that the singing in any religious service is a very important part. We also realize that the singing, the singers and the kind of songs sung count for the success or the defeat of any revival meeting. Indiscriminate singing of songs started by some one in the audience is almost always detrimental. This will be barred from the service as nearly as possible. The churches where the meetings are to be held, we should have explained, have been chosen for their location instead of any claim for recognition of pastor or League. By this group plan every section of this great city will be reached.

The first meeting is to be held in the Woodland Ave. Church. Five churches are united in this first meeting and form the first group. From these five churches a chorus choir of a hundred voices are being drilled by Mr. W. H. Thompson, who is president of the city cabinet.

Ques. 5. What do you regard as the best song book for revival work? What book are you going to use?

We do not know which is the best book for revival work. There are so many good books on the market that it is hard to tell just which is the very best. We, however, are going to use the book called "Melodies of Salvation." This book is edited by Hugh



Smith, and we are highly pleased with it. We think it will aid Mr. Smith in the meetings to have the songs he has selected sung in the meetings. It is our purpose to look after the little things of this meeting for we know that it is these same little things that mean much in the success of the meeting.

And what shall we say more? We are expecting and working for a great out-pouring of the Holy Ghost this winter in Cleveland. The Leagues are enthusiastic. They have adopted the slogan "ONE THOUSAND SOULS FOR CHRIST THIS WINTER."

The president of the city cabinet, before mentioned, is very zealous in the work. He has but one ambition, and that is to give God the very best service he is able to render.

After these meetings have been in progress for sixteen weeks, all the Epworth League forces in the city are to join in the closing rally of two weeks at First Church.

"Brethren pray for us."

REV. R. C. WUESTENBERG,  
Pastor Woodland Ave. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O.

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**"One Thousand Souls for Christ."  
Help Save One!**

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WOODLAND AVE. M. E. CHURCH,  
Corner Woodland and Slater,  
PASTOR'S STUDY.

CLEVELAND, O., December 5th, 1902.

BRELOVED:—As your pastor and Epworth League president we have a great longing for the salvation of the unsaved members of the families of our church and community. We have opened a "Book of Remembrance" (Malachi 3: 16.), giving a page to each member of our church. Kindly go to prayer at once and ask God, in the name of Jesus, who can be saved through your efforts (John 14: 26). Why not have your page like your page in God's book? The names you send us will be for our private use, that we may better assist in bringing to pass the salvation of your loved ones.

We have secured the help of Evangelist Hugh E. Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a series of meetings which are to commence Wednesday, December 31, 1902. God has already blessed many souls in our church, and we expect He will give us many souls during the coming meetings. Please fill out the detachable slip below, which is self-explanatory, and return to the pastor at your earliest convenience. With the hope and prayer that the close of the year will see all of your loved ones saved into the Redeemer's Kingdom, we are,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. WUESTENBERG, Pastor.

No. 219 W. H. THOMPSON, Pres. E. L.

Detach here and return to the pastor without delay.

No. 219 CLEVELAND, O. December, 1902.

DEAR PASTOR:—After earnest prayer, the Lord lays upon my heart a great desire for the salvation of the following persons:

Will you aid me by your prayers and personal work in my personal efforts to lead them to Christ?

Yours sincerely,

(Mail 18: 19.)

## Prayer Meeting Topics.

### THE REASON FOR AFFLICTIONS.

A prayer meeting talk by Henry Ward by Henry Ward Beecher.

If you think of Christ as the official Head and Governor of the realm, I do not know how you can form an idea of his tender and personal love except by some sort of comparison. The idea that God, who governs the heavens and the whole universe, should not only stoop to think of each man, but should be interested in every phase of the experience of each man, so that we may literally say that the divine sympathy attends every step of every individual human life,—this idea, when you look at it in the light of gubernatorial love, or the love of an officer of government, does seem extravagant. It seems impossible. Nor does it become likely, and address itself to our feeling as a thing real and true, till we look at the affection that we behold in the social relations of life,—for instance, the paternal and maternal,—and see what the effect of loving is. Then, how trifles cease to be trifles! how little things and disagreeable things become neither little nor disagreeable! They are changed. If you were to take the love that a woman shows outwardly for her friends, and the things that she admires and relishes in life, you would not judge, by her ordinary carriage and tastes which she usually displays, that little and almost silly things could ever please her. But see her at home with her little child of one year old or less. Take notice how that stately, self-poised, cultured, fastidious woman, who, in general society, would disdain the trifles of life, and still more its prattling trifles, abandons herself to the little ways of the child. See how its little quirks and pranks, that to everybody else would be ridiculous, please her and engross her. And since it is very much so with fathers too, every one perceives plainly that it is in the power of love to entirely transform things, so that they shall seem different and be different. And that which is true of love is true of every other faculty or feeling.

Through this analogy I can understand how God may have an interest even in the lowest and the least. He charges his angels with folly; but he loves them. And if men are a great deal more foolish than angels, still it is in the power of the divine love to take an interest in them too; not judiciously, not officially, not on account of God's majesty, but on account of God's love. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

It seems as though the providence of God frequently belied these representations of Scripture, and our dreams and thoughts of them. We can hardly understand how God, if he so loved us, would permit us to fall into temptation and into sin, when he might perhaps hold us back by his right hand. Sometimes it is even more difficult for us to understand how, if God loves us, he will permit what seem to us unnecessary troubles,—troubles that vehemently afflict us; and es-

pecially so when the troubles are just those that we should not have chosen.

Now, if God is to afflict us for our good, that we may be partakers of his nature,—and that is the declaration,—it is very likely that when he undertakes to afflict us, and permits afflictions to come, he will send those that are special and peculiar to our case; and we shall know that they are adapted to our condition by the fact that they take us just where we do not want them, and that they are particularly hard to bear,—for an affliction which is easy to bear is hardly an affliction. If I meant to punish my child, I should strike him where it would hurt him, and not where it would not. For if there is an aim in affliction, suffering is an important part of that affliction. The learning to bear, the learning to give up, the learning to submit to God, the learning to say in regard to evils, where it is very difficult to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done,"—that is the very end of afflictions, many of them.

So God may be dealing with us as a parent deals with a child. "He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." He does it "for their profit." When the hand of God rests heavily upon us, every one is tempted to believe that, in his own special case, the affliction is greater than he can bear. But only think what a time God has had in this world, comforting the human race. Is there a combination of circumstances that ever will occur which has not already occurred? Is there a cause that shall bring a tear to the human eye which has not been in operation through ages? Is there one thing that can humble the pride, desolate the affections, or try the patience, which is not known to men? Is there one element left in this world that has not been brought into play? God is the consoler of the human heart, the comforter of his people; and even if, in his infinite wisdom, he had not known in the beginning how to comfort those that were in affliction, he would have learned how by the universal experience, the world-wide practice, which he has had in dealing with the children of men.—Used by permission of the Pilgrim Press, New York and Chicago, publishers of Beecher's works.

### PROVIDENCE.

"There's a good deal of twaddle talked by religious people about 'the power of prayer,' and about 'special Providence,'" said the self-appointed president of the club that gathered around the cracker barrel.

"I allow you're right there, Martin."

"Well, 'Siah, I thought you were one as believed in these things. The Bible's full of them. It tells of Abram's getting God to promise him all sorts of things. I suppose you believed all that."

"Certainly, but that don't hinder some folks from talking twaddle. There's Jennie, up on the hill, been sick abed all spring through the cold she caught wading the creek to go to a dance, and yet she talks about 'the afflictive hand of the Lord,' and calls it 'a special dispensation for some good purpose.' Don't need much sense to see that it is a dispensa-

tion of common sense she needs to keep out of the wet."

"That just right, 'Siah," chimed in young Alec, one of those people who glean an extensive scientific education from the Sunday papers. "Nature arranges all these things. Darwin has shown that the laws of nature can not be changed to suit any man's convenience. Yes, sir, science shows that God won't interfere with the running of this world."

"It would be a pretty poor world if no one interfered, however, Alec. What would this valley look like if we left it all to nature?"

"I know; but what I mean is that God can't change the workings of nature. He couldn't stop a man's getting struck by lightning, if the man was in the way."

"If that's true, he is no God at all. Why, Hank," turning to the saw-mill man, "what would you think of a man who built a mill in such a way that he couldn't stop it from killing his family? Well, that's the way some of you seem to think God has made this world. And talk about obeying the laws of nature, we none of us do that, and it's not likely God will have to obey when we don't. It's the law of nature for water to run down hill, but man's will carry it up. What are the trolley-cars but lightning harnessed and working without asking leave of nature? Nature never grew those big red Baldwin apples of herself; she grows crabs. But man interfered and changed nature's working, and, for all his interference, the world has not gone to pieces yet; and I guess God can at least do as much as we can, and hold all the pieces together without any trouble."

"Oh, I suppose he could, but would he? That's the question," put in the judge, with the wise look of the man who had summed up the argument into nothing.

"Would he? Suppose Hank here saw his youngster climbing on the log-table—do you suppose he'd stop the mill; or would he stand by his rule to keep right on cutting logs as long as day lasted?"—Sunday School Times.

### SOME ORIGINAL PRAYER MEETING METHODS.

The Madison Avenue Reformed Church, of New York, has a very large and interesting prayer meeting. Some quite original methods are employed by Dr. A. E. Kittredge, the pastor. There is no instrumental accompaniment to the hymns, but they are started by the pastor himself, while the congregation is turning to the hymn announced. In advance of every meeting the pastor speaks privately to two or three members and obtains their promise to speak on the topic of the evening. It is his practice to merely open the meeting without extended remarks or by giving only a brief exposition of Scripture. At the close of the service he sums up the points that have been brought out, and makes the concluding remarks.

Another pastor we know, arranges the theme of the meeting under several heads, putting the subdivisions into the form of questions. He then selects answers from the Bible and distributes them among the people. The pastor having asked the ques-



tion and received the answer, briefly comments on it, proceeds to the next question and the meeting is pleasantly opened.

In one of the liveliest prayer meetings of which we have any knowledge the exercises are varied by an occasional "Question Box." Neat slips for the purpose may be obtained at small cost. A little personal solicitation on the part of the pastor will usually produce inquiries enough to keep the pastor busy. Turn the meeting once a month into a "Training Class." Take up questions pertaining to personal Christian work. "What Scripture have you found helpful in meeting the objection that the Bible does not teach that the finally impenitent are lost forever?" "What would you say to the man who feels no need of a Saviour?" Such questions would furnish an inexhaustible fund of material for interesting and profitable discussion.

Some one has suggested that ten minutes each evening might be devoted to a normal drill, taking up the canon, authors of the Bible, structure of the books of the Bible and other subjects of fundamental importance, yet about which so little is commonly known.

### PRAYER-MEETING THOUGHTS.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, preaching on the first Sunday in August, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, said: "I am told that all the people in Brooklyn and New York are away. When in Brooklyn two weeks ago I was told that 'this church was closed,' that half of those in the city had been shut up, because the people were away. I tell you this is a lie. On Sunday evenings thousands of people sit on their doorsteps and on the benches in the parks. The trouble is that there is a new atheism abroad, strange and subtle. Let it go no further or it will work your own destruction."

### ANSWER FOR YOURSELF.

"What kind of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?"

These lines rhyme well, surely. They jingle like bells. Repeat them; sing them; whistle them. Every one "just like me." Such a church ought to please me. Would it please the Master? What kind of a prayer-meeting should we have? Every member "just like me." How about the Sunday School? And the church treasurer? How much money would he have? "Just like me." What would the unconverted say of such a church? How soon would God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven?

Let us say it, and sing it again, and each answer for himself:

"What kind of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?"

—E. A. Woods, D.D.

Dr. Bonar tells of a man of God in London many years ago who used to say to his people occasionally: "Be very careful how you walk, for the world will not read the Bible, but they will read you. They will form an idea of the Master from what they see you to be."

If you do not wish for His Kingdom don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.—John Ruskin.

There is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside of them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand.—John Milton.

It is not by change of circumstances but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—F. W. Robertson.

Hary Whitcomb, in a communication to The Advocate on the \$20,000,000 Twentieth Century Offering, calls attention to its twin proposition that has been almost lost in the shuffle. He says:

"The financial enterprise will take care of itself when there are 2,000,000 new converts crowding our churches, because that would mean other millions of revived church members, and the result would be not only \$20,000,000, but \$200,000,000, sooner or later. But we have a way of going at things wrong end foremost—a sort of 'getting the cart before the horse.' Let us begin at the beginning. Instead of devoting our energies primarily to the temperance question, to Mormonism, to National and State legislation, and a hundred etceteras, let us devote ourselves to the accomplishment of that which will include all the others. If we can bring about the conversion of 2,000,000 souls, we will have at least that many total abstainers and a strengthened public opinion on the liquor question, on the Mormon question, and on all questions of public interest. Thus legislation will be wholesomely effected, and methods of business, and, in short, every throb of the great public heart, will be warmer and purer. Two millions of consecrated lives, cheerfully and gladly given up to obedience to Jesus Christ, will mean not a reform, but a revolution in civic and society affairs that can not be measured by any of the standards of the past. Even Pentecost will be outdone. Now, where is the faith? Who believes that 2,000,000 converts can be made in the time specified?"

### SUNDAY AFTERNOON CARDS.

Where effort is to be focused on the Sunday evening service, a regular card of announcement may be printed on Saturday and distributed by young men on Sunday afternoon about the town. This serves a two fold purpose, as it also makes a job for the boys. Where the card is a regular thing for some time, the printing can be secured at reduced rates. In preparing copy for such cards there is large opportunity for originality without becoming sensational. The cards of similar design issued by the Young Men's Christian Association will furnish many ideas on the preparation of striking and attractive invitations.

## THE STORY OF THE MAGIC TREE THAT RIPENED CLUSTERS FOR HIM WHO CARRIED IT.

One morning a company of young men stood before Comfortas's tent, and asked a holiday, that they might go to the river, and fish and bathe and hunt. And because these soldiers seemed to the king hardly more than boys, and because they had newly come in from the farms and fields, and found the restraint of the army hard to bear, Comfortas sympathized with them rather than with their stern officers; and he was at his wits' end how to send them back to their drill with a heart in the task and a love for work that was heavy. In that moment Comfortas bethought himself of the story of the youth who became strong because he carried a magic tree. "In the long ago," said the king, "our fathers dwelt beyond the mountains to the far East. One day a man returned home to bring his people the tidings of a rich land to the West beside the Grecian sea. After that, in the evening, the people used to come in little companies around this traveller, who told them of the rivers in that far-off land, of the thick forests, and the black soil, and the rich grass for the herds, and the trees full of fruit. And when the wise men of the town had consulted long, they voted to pull down their tents and their houses, and with their flocks and herds make their way to this new land. Soon the pilgrim company was assembled, and with solemn ceremony they bade farewell to their city, making ready for the march through the wilderness. Now it happened that when the king of that people was about to leave his house, he lingered long in the public square, before a tree on which was written the names and exploits of his fathers and the victories of his people. This tablet was of wood, large and very heavy, but if all counselled leaving it behind, the king desired exceedingly to have it set up in the streets of the new city. Now there was a youth in the king's house who had been redeemed from the slave market, and he loved his lord as one loves his saviour. And when the boy understood his king's desire, he stood in the midst of the servants, and interrupting their dispute, claimed the honor of carrying this, the heaviest burden of all; and with joy all gave him his petition and watched the youth stagger off under his load. Now because of the flocks and the herds, and the women and children, the company moved but slowly, and this seemed fortunate for the boy carrying the heavy tree, since every day he fell far behind. Indeed, often it was late at night when he caught up with the rest of the company. But though the way was long and steep, the dust stifling and the heat fierce, it was noticed that the youth loved his task more and more; that he would not leave the sacred tree for a moment by day, while at night, lying down, he slept with one arm thrown across the wood. And his fidelity to his task seemed the stranger because other shirked their burdens. Some,

on the plea that the shoulder was sore, added their load to the horses, whose strength was already overtaxed; and not a morning came without quarrels and hot words between men, each of whom wished the lighter end of the load. Also, when the hour was toward evening, these lazy ones used to hurry on in advance of the host that they might be the first to kneel at the pool of water, and from the palm tree choose the largest bunch of dates. But what stirred surprise among the old men was that those who shirked their task grew weaker with each new day, while the boy who carried the heavy tree grew fatter of flesh and fairer of cheek. At length many murmured against the youth, envying his happiness and strength. Some said that in the darkness he stole the best food; others said the king was secretly giving him double rations; others were jealous, thinking he had become his master's favorite; and all alike wished him evil. If one had stayed behind to watch the youth, he would have seen strange things. In the hour when the path up the mountain was steep, and the youth was ready to fall under his burden, the magic tree put forth clusters, and quickly ripened them for the boy's hunger and faintness, while the rich juices of that fruit quenched his thirst in moments of dust and stifling heat; and daily the youth grew stronger, through this precious liquor that was richer than wine, and sweeter than milk though mingled with honey. Now when the pilgrim host encamped in the new land, if the herds were footsore, and those who shirked any burden were jaded and weary, it was noticed that this youth, who at first staggered under his burden, was now so strong that he bore his cross as if it was a feather's weight in lightness; also he was found to be gentler and wiser than his fellows, and this wisdom made him a prince over the servants." Now when Comfortas had ceased his words, the young soldiers looked with wonder into each other's eyes, not knowing what these things might mean. Understanding the silence, the king smiled upon them, and said that this is a world where all who shirk, by shirking grow weaker, and all who carry, by carrying grow stronger. Then the far-away look came back into the king's eyes, and forgetting that any heard, the king murmured to himself, "Blessed is he who hungers for the hardest task."—Foreword to the "Quest of Happiness," by Newell Dwight Hillis, published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

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CURRENT AND FORTHCOMING

## SERMON DEPARTMENT.

### THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

"When He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion."—Matt. 9:36.

That is the deity of the Son of God. When did Jesus Christ see the multitude? Before there were any multitudes to be seen. That is the mystery of the Gospel of the Cross. We do so belittle the great kingdom, we localize Christ, we make Him a creature or an incident of time, we keep His birthday. Oh! the sadness of it, if it be not fully explained. When did Jesus Christ see the multitudes? Before there were any fountains abounding with water. "Glorify Me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." It is that "before" that we miss. We insulate the birth of Christ, we do not set Him in eternity. He is a Child of our own day, our own age; we think we see Him all. Have we forgotten the pre-existence of Christ? Do we really and truly recognize the fact that He always existed? "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." We are such poor scholars, we can only see things that appeal to the eye. The Word was before the book. Forgetting that, we are troubled on every hand by theological heresies and novelities and upstarts; we do not rest our poor aching heads on the pillow of eternity. Why all this excitement and tumult? why this storm in teacups? why this great panic and fear lest another man should leave what is understood to be the orthodox Church? Let him go! He will return in the degree in which he is sincere; give him time, hope well of him, speak kindly to him. Have no fear for the unsettlement or the disturbance of the kingdom of heaven. It began in eternity, it will go on through everlasting; there is

#### NO PANIC IN THE DIVINE PERSONALITY.

God is peace, God gives peace, God gives rest. Do not delegate yourselves to consider what is to be done with this new phase of unbelief or that; keep to the sacred thrilling duty and delight of prayer, study, communion with God, fellowship with the eternal, and soon—no man knows how soon—there may be a trumpet blast rending the air and announcing that the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

"When Jesus saw the multitudes"—all the multitudes, all the world: sights we can never see. These things are to be revealed to us. A man thinks he has seen the world, but no man has seen it; he has gone over certain routes and sea-lines, and he has halted here and there; but the world only God has seen, only God can see. The world is to be revealed to all Christian teachers. We must pray to have some sight of it, at all events, that we may adequately in the power of God address ourselves to this arduous but glorious ministry. Who has seen the multitudes? Who has seen the world? Yet who does not talk

about these things, and talk with the fluency of ignorance? Here is a man who is holding a kind of monologue in the king's garden or in some fair place of flowers and fountains, and it is in this strain he talks; that is to say: "It is a beautiful world after all; say what we please, it is an enchanting world; it is most tenderly and delicately beautiful is this much-misunderstood world." How the man prates! Oh, that there were limits to folly! Hear him, and I ask you what coherence is there in his talk. He is

#### SITTING IN A GARDEN AND TALKING ABOUT A WORLD.

That is folly. His sentence is not the same at the end as it was at the beginning, it breaks down in the matter of coherence and unity. He sees a garden, and delivers judgment on the world! It is so difficult for preaching men to get that idea driven into men's minds. The repetition of these words may not be unprofitable. "Let the preachers say what they like," is the foolish monologue, "this world, after all, is right beautiful, it is a charming place to live in; look at the rising sun and the setting sun, and look at the seasons in their beautiful regular musical movements." These people are talking about a section of the world as if it were the whole globe. Only God can see the world. Have you read "Liza of Lambeth?"

I have; in one respect it is the most revolting book written in these modern times, but in another sense it is literally, tragically, horribly true. Have you read "Tales of Mean Streets?" Condescend to that, if you please, and you will be the better and the sweeter of heart by a religious perusal of these records. Will you go with me in imagination to Lambeth? What are these people signalling to one another about? What does the bent finger mean? What does the closed eye signify? What do certain sounds and expressions convey? I will tell you: they mean that the coast is clear, that the rooms upstairs are ready, and that youths who are in that hell of life which goes from seventeen to thirty years of age, may go up and drink with the devil. This can be done in daylight. Once it was a shy devil we had to deal with, for he waited at least till the lamps were lit; now he walks abroad at mid-day. These things are going on in our own London, and many of us do not know it. I am reminded of the old King Ahasuerus who laid down this law; hear him: "None that wore sack-cloth might enter into the king's gate." What an ostrich fool. He covered his head up as he pleased that he might escape ugly sights, and he took care not to inhale noisome savors. He was not ignorant of the fact that there was sack-cloth, but this was his policy—and is our policy. Ahasuerus in this respect is the living Londoner.

Ahasuerus said: If there is any sack-cloth, I do not want to see it; remember that, and arrange accordingly; if (to modernize the expression) there are very distressing and ghastly things occurring in the streets, avoid those streets and take me around by some other way; if there are tragedies in the newspapers, do not let me hear about them; if anybody is broken-hearted, I do not want to hear his miserable whine: bring me the delights of the sons of men, musical instruments of all sorts; fill my table with flowers, stock the palace with all things lovely and beautiful, and let me walk in the enchanted palace of dreams; and as for the sack-cloth, and the leprous, and those who are altogether objectionable, I do not want to see them, keep them away from me. Is that an old story? Just as old as this noonday, not one moment older, except in the sense that we are confirming all that we read about these kings and politicians who want to keep evil sights out of their own eye-line and want to be fed with dainties and cheered and delighted with all things musical and floral, and who, when a poor child would cry, stop their ears that the poignant cry may not be heard. These men will never save the world; they have no conception of the genius of salvation. We ought, Churches and Christians of all denominations, ought to know the facts. We are afraid of facts, and if some frank-hearted daring man were to stand up on this red-carpeted platform at this moment and tell us the facts, we would turn away from him, hiss him, leave him, and call ourselves Christians. We are not Christians, if we can do so, we are baptized infidels, we are consecrated traitors.

Now, how did Jesus Christ look upon all these things? There is one verse in the New Testament that ought to comfort everybody whenever he reads it; this is the effect of it: "And they brought unto Him all that were sick and diseased and blind and halt and leprous, and He healed them." That is our Ahasuerus, that is our Jesus, that Man will save the world if it costs Him the blood of His heart. When Jesus saw the multitude, He did see them, He walked amongst them, He spake their mother-tongue, they understood Him, He was heard by the common people gladly. They never said of Him, "How polished His style! how exceedingly classical! how cumulative the climaxes! with what beautiful architectural order the whole discourse was laid out!" They never said so, they had no time to think of that kind of criticism; when they came away from Him they said, "Never man spake like this Man." He found the way into the heart; He touched our tears, and lo! when we looked for them they were gone. He understood us. He called us son, daughter, and He said that we might all be saved. Come, Lord Jesus, come again; even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly! We want Thyself in great spiritual impression and conviction, if not in the figure that this poor vision can discern.

How, then, does the case stand? When

Jesus saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion. Ministers, May I, by right of age, venture for a moment to say that your preaching will do no good if it is not, so to say, saturated with compassion. It is pity that finds the heart. I must have in my preacher a man who understands my life, who can lower his voice into a healing whisper, and yet who can denounce unrighteousness as with the voice of a whirlwind; I must feel that he is speaking to me. He never saw me, yet he speaks to me. This is the very mystery of the ministry of Jesus Christ. He who preaches to broken hearts preaches to the times. That is the lesson I would venture to give to my juniors; not the man who is answering something that nobody in the congregation has ever read, but the man who says, "I know you are weary and darkened and burdened, and crushed and heavy-laden, and I can give you through the power of Christ the rest for which you pine." This is grand preaching, it is full of tears, and yet they are the tears of a strong man. There is a difference in tears. There are tears that may be merely sentimental weakness; but I know when a giant cries, I know by the grip of his hand that he is strong enough not to be afraid to shed tears when he is talking to broken hearts and blighted lives.

What, then, did Jesus Christ say? He said, they are "as sheep having no shepherd." That is a new idea of human life and human society. We must have shepherds, we must have leaders; the question is not whether we shall have clergy and bishops and ministers and all the clerical order; we cannot help it. How is that? Because we need guidance, we are in perplexity, we want this entanglement to be unraveled, and we say, Is there no prophet in Israel? Is there no one, at least some poor dead Samuel, who could be brought back in some form? We will go into superstition if we do not rise unto faith: take your choice. We must have teachers, men who have the golden key, men who know the right word and know how to speak it. The world, since Biblical history began, has never wanted such men; they have always been there, they are God's creation, they are intellectual and spiritual miracles. If some of us are sneered at as preachers, we must remember the Master. If they sneered at the Master, will they spare the servant? Then, remember, nothing is so easy and so cheap as to sneer at somebody else; there is no genius in it, it is not worth doing. Young preachers, young missionaries, do not be afraid of sneering people; they never saved the world, and they never will save it. Do not take your line of ministry or your tone of conduct from such people. Keep close to the Master; hug His right hand with both of yours; if you open it to look at it, it is to see the ruby of a wound. You are safe, mighty, as you keep to Jesus.

What follows? "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Have we understood that passage? Some have, and



have profited richly by it. "Pray?" Yes, pray: but understand what "pray" means. If we may figure the occasion, they all fell to their knees and prayed the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest; and when they had risen from their knees—this is the matter, do not slight this point, it is the point—He called them to Him, and said "Go." But we have been praying that somebody else might go. Yes; that is not prayer, that is the chatter of ignorance. If a man has really prayed for starving and lost people he will be only too glad to be permitted to answer his own prayer, and he will go. Why, that would revolutionize all the churches! That is exactly what the churches want—to be revolutionized, to be mad with the madness of Christ's sanity. We are dying of indifference.

And as ye go, Jesus continued, preach, teach, heal the sick; be doctors, as well as preachers: go! Now I could imagine some benevolent soul calling a meeting in Lombard street—let us pronounce the word with cautious and reverential emphasis—calling a meeting around a table to pray that the Lord would send somebody else into Great Saffron Hill and into Leatherlane and all the streets whose names you know as well as I do; and then they would think they had had a prayer meeting. My lords, no! You may—I put the matter thus cautiously—you may have to go yourselves. "Well, but I could sit at this table, and multiply millions by millions." It is a poor trick, it may be only the most respectable of the knaveries. Go! "But I am a banker." Go! "But I have great financial responsibilities." Go! "It is so easy for me as a millionaire to pray that the Lord would send out this year five hundred missionaries at one hundred pounds a year apiece. Why, that prayer would take nothing out of me; that prayer would leave me just entire, not a hair of my head would be moved, not a pore of my skin would be opened; why, I could do all that kind of praying without the shedding of blood." And yet that is the true Christianity and the true sacrifice. "Well, but it is a terrible doctrine: could I not make money and send somebody else." You could do that, but it would be a poor thing to do. Shall it be ever heard in this great London that twenty bankers are all going out by ship to endeavor to tell distant and benighted nations that Jesus Christ died for the whole world? Can that ever be? Has the age of miracles really ceased?—I mean the age of spiritual miracles, marvels of the soul. Hear me; I shall have no more chance to speak to you.

Can that, and that, be, as the preacher has said—that men should leave all they have, and go out at Christ's bidding? That is what they used to do in the good old time. Jesus said unto them, Leave your ships, and follow me. And they left them. It is such easy reading, but such difficult doing. But the world, especially the city of London, could not do without us, and our great commercial responsibilities and aptitudes

and our statesmanlike minds. Perhaps not: but the city of London has done without a good many people, and it may be able to do without us; it is a sad reflection, but it is the kind of discouragement which if properly taken turns into inspiration: for now is the accepted time, this is the noon opportunity of labor. And the Lord only sends us to pray that we may be sent to answer our own prayers. "That is a new doctrine." It is not. When I went to an early ministry, I had to call upon a very wealthy man to pray, and he prayed that God would bless the poor. And when he was done I said, "Now you have got ten pounds in your pocket, give it to the poor, and make your prayer a reality." He thought that it was personal. Many sermons are void by generality. Do condescend upon the occasion. How fruitful a ministry it would be! At first, very unpopular, but I feel more and more that our pews have got to be emptied before they can be truly filled. "Oh!" you say, "you are getting done with it, and you can speak these bold truths now; but we younger men—" You have courage enough if you will trust to Christ, if you will give up all for Christ, if you will leave the ship and the bank and the office for Christ, at Christ's bidding; you can do it. This is a young man's world. The old men seem to have had their day. Some of us are loth to leave the sphere we have known so long. Three wants in this new century are a new spirit, a new life, and that will mean a new organization, and a new policy. You cannot machine or engineer the Kingdom of Heaven.

#### WE WANT INSPIRED MEN.

It is God that sends. "But I thought that we were called upon to send." Nothing of the kind, it is quite an illusion on your part. "But I understood that the seniors, the elders, the leaders, and other chiefs were to meet in solemn conclave, and say, 'Now, whom shall we send?'" That is blasphemy; there is only one counsel upon that question. "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" You cannot put down a God-sent man. If God has sent him, He will bring him back again with sheaves and rejoicing. It is not for me to say, "Well, about this young man I am really not quite persuaded." Silence, if you please. It is God that sends ministers, that makes them, that inspires them, and qualifies them; it is God. My friend, if God has sent you, take no more heed of public or personal criticism; be modest with the modesty that belongs to divine vocation; carry your burden with such dignity as you may in your weakness be capable of. The Lord will not diminish the burden, He will strengthen the back that bears it.

O friends, mighty men, all these brothers, famed for doing good and for good ideas and noble conceptions, come out, and make the new century new with the true newness, the newness which belongs to eternity. The moss is very old—the daisy that is peeping out of it is this year's child. It is thus we



combine the ancient and the modern, the everlasting and the temporary, the eternal and the transient. It is a wondrous ministry and economy of things. I want to know what more I can do in this ministry, God help me. So do my brethren on the right hand and on the left, they want to do better and more than they have ever done. I know them to be strong men, honest, intelligent, sympathetic, sincere; I love them all, I know most of them personally. But let me tell you about this matter of regular and regulation preaching, that the pulpit is largely made in many of its aspects by the pew. You can make any king on the throne; you can create an atmosphere that will develop him or poison him. It is the same with preaching; let the preacher feel that you have come for the bread of life, and you will have it. I heard of a young friend, just as good as anybody could be at his age, who called out in his little pulpit,

"Ye men of science!" when there was not a man of science within a mile of the chapel. If he had said, "Ye broken hearts, ye struggling lives, ye crushed and blighted fellow-pilgrims of mine, here is a message from God for you," everybody would have listened with the heart, and when the heart listens the sermon is always most profitable.

THIS IS MY TESTIMONY.

In these words I would, as it were, officially inaugurate this great Simultaneous Mission. My heart is with it, as yours are. It is not for us to add up results. I do not care for your scheduled statistics; they may be good or they may not. You cannot follow inspiration and schedule it. You cannot take a census of impression, resolutions, vows, prayers. It is little the statistician can do. God sees it all, and the angels, and they may say about the great man or the small, "Behold, he prayeth!"—British Weekly.

### THE COAL MINES OF THE BIBLE.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

For some months, on account of the great strike of the miners, all our American world, and a large part of the world beyond the sea, have been talking about coal. We have been made to see more clearly than for a long time before, how important an item coal is among the necessities of our modern life.

Now there is a great deal in the Bible about coal, and it has occurred to me, that while the subject is so sensitive and interesting to the mind, it would be a good time for us to recall some of the striking and apt illustrations of divine truth in which coal is used to point the moral.

In the Book of Lamentations there is a picture of sin and sinners in which there is this striking figure: "Their visage is blacker than a coal." And how true to life that is. Sin makes its mark on the face and form, as well as upon the thought and heart. Sin blackens life in every possible way. Have you ever seen a stoker come up from the furnace room on a great steamer, or seen a coal miner, or a company of them, come up out of the mines from their work, with every inch of face, and neck, and arms, and hands as black as if they had been painted the shade of night? Sin does that, at last, to the mind and heart of people who yield themselves to it.

Sin blackens the thought and the imagination. There is where it begins its soiling process. People are always sinning in their thoughts before they yield to outward transgression. Sometimes this goes on for many years unsuspected by anyone else, and not truly appreciated by the sinner himself. Little by little, the thought and imagination is given up to evil meditations, and impure suggestions. Outwardly the life is white, but inwardly the secret imaginations and meditations of the soul grow ever blacker, and more like the prince of darkness who paints them. In the end that

inner coloring will show in conversation, and conduct. Every once in awhile, a man or a woman who has lived an upright and true life, before all the world, and whose name has been above reproach, suddenly gives way to some evil deed, and across the white record of an honorable career there is the great smut mark of a black sinful action, and everybody is astonished. But God, who sees down in the hearts of men, is not astonished, for He sees that it is only the inner coloring showing through. The black thoughts, and the black imaginations always precede the black deed.

Not only is the sinner's visage like a black coal, but sin is constantly bringing men and women, who yield to it, to a dark end. Recently a man of high position and large property visited New York city, and spent the evening in a bar-room in his hotel. He fell in with bad men and bad women, who, discovering that he had a large amount of money with him, murdered him that night, carving his body to pieces with a butcher's cleaver, and hiding it away in the cellar. Here was an honorable man, as the world knows men. A man of many good qualities, a man of high family, and good social and business connections. If he permitted himself to think about death, he no doubt expected to die with his friends around him; to be soothed in his last hours by the gentle words and the kind hands of those who loved him. He expected to be followed to his grave by a host of men and women with whom he had been associated in the work of life. But he tampered with sin. He had a black, rotten spot of self-indulgence in him. He toyed with the wine-glass, and so, unexpectedly, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, like the black thunder cloud that fills the land with darkness at midday, when the morning has been bright and full of sunshine, his woeful and gruesome death swooped down upon him,



and closed his career in shame and disgrace.

Let no man think lightly of sin. Sin is a terrible thing. To yield to sin is to run the risk of everything you cherish and hold dear. The least sin will brush the bloom from your character, and rob your manhood, or your womanhood of its truest grandeur. Sin unrepented of, must make as impassable a gulf between your soul and God, as there was between Dives and Lazarus. Nobody ever made so much of sin as did Jesus Christ. He who spoke the tenderest words of love that were ever spoken, spoke also the most terrible words about sin. Be sure of it, that to give way to sin is to become the man or the woman with a black visage, a badge of outlawry against God.

But I thank God that the Bible has another kind of coal to which we may turn with hope. Isaiah had a vision which he describes by saying: "Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." That coal is as live and bright as the other was dark and dead. In the spiritual sense, it means the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, who, in response to our repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, will touch our coal black hearts and cleanse them of all their defilement, and illuminate them with divine light and power. This is what transpires in conversion. It is the touch of fire to the coal. It does not need to take a long time. All it needs is that there shall have a fair chance at the coal. If there be the proper kindling and the bringing of the flame of fire, it does not take long to ignite the coal, and the lumps, that were so cold and dark and hard as rock, are transformed. They become live and vital, and full of light and warmth. Like that, only still more glorious, is the transformation which comes to a sinful heart when it is lighted with the cleansing fire from heaven.

I went the other day to preach a reopening sermon in a church where I was formerly pastor. During all my pastorate in that church a man whose family belonged to the church, and who on occasions attended the services himself, resisted all efforts that could be brought to bear upon him to bring him into the Christian life. He was living in sin, and it made his heart hard and cold, until his face was hard and repelling. All my memory of the man during those years is the memory of the bold, hard, repelling face of sin. I had heard that once I came away he had been converted, and had become an active Christian; but a long time had elapsed since my hearing it, and it had passed out of my mind. So when I stood before the congregation to preach the other night, and my eye lighted on this man's face, I almost stopped my sermon in astonishment to cry out and ask what had

happened to him. Instead of the old cynical look on his face, it was a face illuminated, eyes full of keen and loving interest, the whole man sensitive and alive to the things of God, and then suddenly I remembered what I had heard, that the man had been converted. That explained it all. At the close of the sermon, when he came up and took me by the hand with the great glad tears standing in his eyes, I felt that indeed here was a coal that had been touched with the flame from the heavenly fire. Are there not some hearts here this evening who need to be divinely lighted? Why live in coldness and darkness when all the warmth and light of generous affection, and hope, and peace may be yours?

There is an interesting little touch in the story of the betrayal of Jesus Christ which tells how, on that night, when Judas kissed his Lord into the hands of his enemies, for thirty pieces of silver, the evening air became very cool and chill, and the soldiers who guarded Jesus made "a fire of coals," and stood about it, warming themselves. Then it was that Peter went and crouched down over the fire in company with the enemies of his Master, and listened to their bitter sneers about his Lord. A little after, when they began to question him, he began that series of denials of Jesus. He would not have done it if he had not first warmed himself at the enemy's fire. There is a good lesson in it for us. Many Christians go on bravely, as did Peter, so long as they stick close to the church, and to Christian fellowship. So long as they read God's Word, daily holding communion with Christ in prayer; they are ready to draw their swords for Christ anywhere, but when in an evil hour they crouch down to warm themselves at the devil's fire in some questionable amusement, or social, or business undertaking that brings them where they must hear in silence sneer and criticism and insult hurled at their divine Lord, their hearts weaken, and they deny the Lord who died to redeem them. Oh, my friends, never warm your hands at the devil's fire!

Paul gives us a very beautiful suggestion from the coal mines in regard to our practical life in dealing with one another. It is in regard to that old vexed question—a question as old as human life—as to how we shall treat the people who do not like us and are mean to us, and try to put obstacles in our way. Paul has this rule for dealing in all such cases. He says: "Avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

No one ever yet followed that rule of life without good results. I know when we are hot with anger, and our tempers run riot with us, we feel that the sweetest morsel in the world would be to spit out our wicked words, and wreak our vengeance on the people who have displeased us. But no man



or woman ever yet yielded to that desire for personal vengeance who was afterward satisfied with the result. After we have yielded to it we are first ashamed of it, and later we regret it in bitter and unavailing remorse. It is infinitely better to follow Paul's advice and build a fire of hot coals lighted by love, on the head of the man who has misjudged us and treated us wrongfully. For we shall be able in that way to burn out his resentment, and we will not only be saved from sinning ourselves, but we will save him from sin. In doing this, we will follow in the footsteps of Jesus. Peter says of him: "Because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

All the beautiful work of the world is done in the spirit of love. Hate mars, envy destroys harmony, selfishness brings everything into a snarl, but love unravels all tangles; love brings back the note of peace; love, working upon the heart and on the life, day by day, fashions the beautiful face of Jesus in the soul where it has mastery and control.

There is an old legend that a century ago, in an old cathedral in Europe, there was on one of the arches a sculptured face of marvelous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And year after year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death. The tools of his craft were laid in order by his side. The cunning hand was forever stilled. His face was upturned to the marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of One whom he had loved. The artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face and they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this." Oh, my friends, let love, holy, divine, all-glorious love, have a fair chance to work in your heart and soul, and under those cunning fingers there shall be sculptured in your thoughts and imaginations, in your affections and ideals, in your conduct, in your character and in your career, the face of the One who is "altogether lovely."

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## Pulpit Changes.

### BAPTIST.

Anderson, J. H., from Watertown to Trenton, Tenn.  
Bawden, H. W., Green Bay, Wis., to East Liverpool, O.  
Brown, John R., from Kansas City, Mo., to Providence, R. I.  
Brown, Wade B., from Green Bay to Fall River, Wis.  
Chase, D. H., called to Waverly, N. Y.  
Crosby, J. J., Howell, Mich., may return to Marquette, Mich.  
Davis, J. G., from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga.  
Greaves, H. R., Muscatine, Ia., resigned.  
Golden, W. C., Nashville, Tenn., resigned.  
Hargar, Rev., from Grand Rapids, Mich., to Bay City, Mich.  
Inlow, R. M., Nevada, Mo., resigned.  
Irving, C. H., Pontiac, Mich., called to take position of Supt. of State Missions.  
Jenkins, J. Fred, from Sandwich to Afton, Ill.  
Larson, Magnus, from Rockford, Ill., to Lindseborg, Kan.  
MacDonald, Geo. K., Long Island City, L. I., resigned.  
McGee, James, from Niles to Jackson, Mich.  
Maxfield, C. E., from Benton Harbor to Detroit, Mich.  
Moore, Gordon B., Prof. in Baptist college, Greenville, S. C., will resign.  
Pope, C. J., from Downer's Grove, Ill., to Grand Island, Neb.  
Reader, C. W., Carroll, Ia., resigned.  
Ritchie, Rev., from Winnipeg to British Columbia.  
Rooney, J. C., Menominee, Mich., resigned.  
Sagebeer, Joseph E., Germantown, Pa., resigned.  
Spinney, W. A., from Milwaukee, Wis., to New Jersey, as Pastor, Evangelist.  
Sprague, Geo. L., from Toronto University to Lowell, Mich.  
Wardel, Rev., Jamaica, L. I., resigned.  
Warner, E. E., from Jordan to Brockport, N. Y.

### CONGREGATIONALIST.

Depper, H. A., from Blossburg, Pa., to Binghamton, N. Y.  
Douglass, T. O., from Eagle Grove, Ia., to Nebraska.  
Eyer, F. A., from Durand to Ovid, Mich.  
King, Chas. W., Saratoga, N. Y., resigned.  
McNamara, J. E., Onawa, Ia., resigned.  
Moore, F. L., Milwaukee, Wis., to New London.  
Patton, Robt., from Brandon, Wis., to Carrington, N. D.  
Pitts, Edgar T., West Somerville, Mass., resigned.  
Sprague, F. P., from Central Lake, to Thompsonville, Mich.  
West, Dr. L. L., Winona, Minn., resigned.  
Woodmansie, F. M., Custer, Mich., resigned.

### DISCIPLE OR CHRISTIAN.

Allen, J. Buford, Spokane, Wash., died.  
Boswell, Ira M., from Selma, Ala., to Port Gibson, Miss.  
Boyer, T. A., from Stockton to Oakland, Cal.  
Braden, Clark, from Cairo, Ill., to Ontario, Can.  
Fisher, S. E., from Maroa to Fisher, Ill.  
Golightly, T. J., from Mt. Olivet to Los Angeles, Cal.  
Jones, Elder Joseph R., Hillsboro, Ky., resigned.  
Lockhart, W. S., from Macon, Mo., to Paola, Kan.  
Spicer, E. V., Richmond, Ind., resigned.  
Yeager, Rev., from Vevay to Whites Run, Ky.

### METHODIST.

Barth, Dr. L. J., P. E. of the St. Louis district St. Louis, Mo.  
Benson, B. F., Westminster Theological Sem. Westminster, Md., died.  
Bonneil, J. G., from Big Prairie, Ill., to Eagle, Col.  
Burnip, Robt., Fonda, Ia., resigned.  
Lasby, Chas. B., Green Point, Brooklyn, N. Y., died.  
McLean, Dr. C. C., from Los Angeles, Cal., to Galena, Ill.  
Neff, A. J., West Davenport, N. Y., died.  
Puffer, I. W., New Boston, Ill., killed by train.  
Schneider, Lemuel, Berkeley, Cal., died.  
Young, Fletcher, Alexandria, Ind., died.

### PRESBYTERIAN.

Barkley, Jas. M., called from Detroit to Bay City, Mich.  
Boyle, W. H. W., from Colorado Springs, Col., to St. Paul, Minn.